

VOGUE



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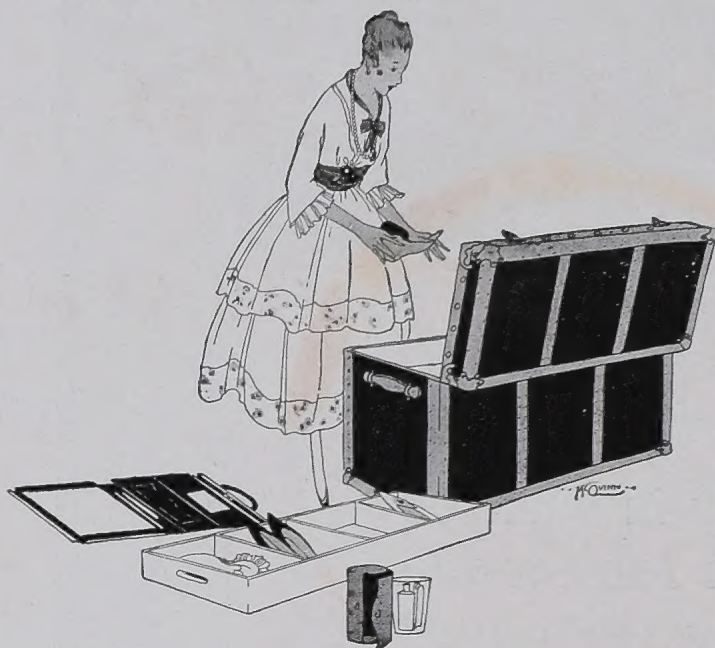
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"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
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quiet breathing."

—JOHN KEATS



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This Is The SUMMER FASHIONS' NUMBER OF VOGUE

THE first warm days of June always bring out any number of delightful things, such as roses and brides and bathing suits and an especially nice number of Vogue, and this year is no exception to the rule. In fact, this year we think we are just a little nicer than ever before,—so many pleasant things have happened between our covers. First of all, we are fairly overflowing with exciting bits of information about clothes. As everybody knows, the all-important question of the day is how to be winning in war-time, and while our best efforts are achieved in khaki, Red Cross, or garden uniforms, there are still moments when we may take thought for the frocks and frills of peace.

OLD MODES AND NEW

Of late, Vogue has been recaptured by the charms of the Old English Masters, and has taken some of the quaint frocks and picturesque hats so well advertised by Romney and by Raeburn, and added a few modern improvements. Some of the results are shown on pages 24H and 25. Then there are ever so many pages of clothes from Paris—but we warn you that when you see them you will have another of those attacks of enthusiasm for all things French that are so prevalent this season. Two of the pages show wedding-gowns that are charming enough to convert

any woman to matrimony. Still another page pictures that latest French means of expressing one's imagination—the gilet. The gilet is, of course, descended from that severe masculine garment, the waistcoat, but, for that matter, many a Greenwich villager has a prim New England ancestor.

FASHIONS FOR LAND AND SEA

Life on the ocean beach acquires a new charm by being the accepted background for the bathing suits (and the capes to wear with them) which are shown on page 45. There are two pages of hats that make one want to buy nothing but millinery; and then there are two pages of coiffures that would distract attention from the most perfect hat. Several illustrations are devoted to that charming creature, the young girl whose hair just won't. Several pictures show her how to turn the ends under, add a curl, and acquire an effect that the Marquise de Pompadour herself would have been glad to have thought of.

To see the average country club veranda one might be pardoned for supposing that the Government had been forced to issue blouse-and-skirt cards, with no option of choice but the colour combination. The "Dressing On A War Income" department proposes to change all that, and this month it offers several suggestions for variations in sports clothes.

There are war articles, of course, with the Red Cross acting as hostess in three French châteaux and a denatured monastery, and Vassar College acting as hostess for an army of nurses-in-the-making. There is a third article, a sort of seven-branched candlestick of an article, to light the way to all sorts of little war helpfulnesses, public and private, and there are three whole pages telling how prominent New York women have turned social events into ways of winning the war.

THE MOUNTAINS IN OUR MIDST

Besides all this, lest we should be wearied with so much sewing and shopping and service, Vogue presents two pages of gorgeous Rocky Mountains, accessible by pony-back to the veriest amateur who doesn't know a horse from its bridle. In these days, when the inconveniences of European travel which we once enjoyed are being hopelessly increased by the Germans, in the first place, and completely monopolized by our husbands and brothers, in the second place, it is a comfort to know that we can "go abroad" in America and find Alps surrounding lakes as lovely as any in the heart of Switzerland. "Camp-fires in the Snow", on page 26, will make you want to pack up your wardrobe in your new black leather bag and start for Canada by the fastest express.

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Cover Design by Georges Lepape

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C O N T E N T S

for

Late June, 1918



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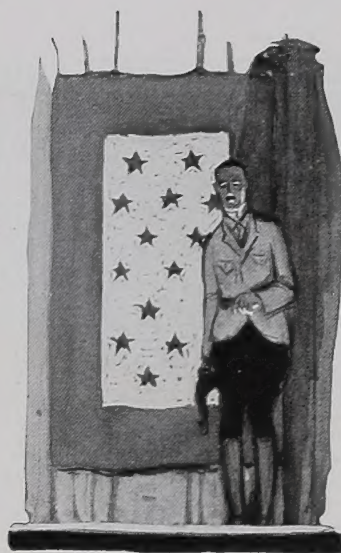


THE MARQUISE DE POLIGNAC

A PORTRAIT IMPRESSION BY HELEN DRYDEN

The Marquise Melchior de Polignac, formerly Mrs. James B. Eustis, has divided her time between New York and Washington this season, but expects to give up her house in Washington and return to France with her husband in the near future. While the Marquis de Polignac is back at the front, the Marquise plans to occupy herself with relief work in Paris

Major Ian Hay Beith spoke between the acts at the performance given by the Amateur Comedy Club at the Garden Theatre for the benefit of the Junior War Relief Society



VOGUE

NEW YORK SMILES BELOW ITS SERVICE FLAG

The Avenue Is Gay with Flowers
and Frocks; Every One Owns Bonds,
Dances with Khaki, Works for Char-
ity, and Plans a Season in Town



Red and white English daisies blossom along the balcony at the home of Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, and ivy trails over the brownstone railings

THE spring sunshine which floods the green of Central Park, touches the tops of the tall buildings, and finds reflection in the shining ribbon of Fifth Avenue, looks down upon a New York which is, in many ways, unchanged from the New York of other seasons. There is the same flutter of nurse-maids about the little lake up near Seventy-second Street where the children sail their boats, the same thud of hoofs on the bridle paths, the same flowering of window-boxes, the same bustle about the doorway of the Ritz, the same gay shop-windows, and the same throngs of promenaders with a predominance of slender maidens blossoming out of their

winter wraps into a distracting vision of slim lines and delicate flower-like faces—one of the perennial miracles of spring. Thus far is New York the New York of the past, but in much else it is changed. Beneath the accustomed life of the city flows a strange current, and everywhere there is evidence of this unfamiliar element. Down in the tall buildings of lower Manhattan men gather together and quietly make decisions which will affect history; from the docks along the river edge guarded by barbed wire, drably grey or futuristically camouflaged vessels creep out upon the glistening waters burdened with the

This smart costume for the tea hour was of navy blue serge, the short jacket worn over an ivory waistcoat and topped by a small hat of tucked blue silk



To be slender, brown-haired, young, and frocked in silver tissue banded with quillings of turquoise blue—what more could one wish but a good floor and a partner in khaki?

most precious freight that the country can command. From the little patches of green throughout the city gaily decorated booths beckon the passer-by to the purchase of Liberty Bonds, and on street corners energetic venders of Thrift Stamps sell their patriotic wares. In the park at City Hall, long sacred to scurrying lawyers and leisurely messenger boys, groups of women—many of them familiar figures in the society pages of the magazines—harangue the crowd for the benefit of this Government project or that.

All over the city flags flutter—the colours of America and her Allies and the flags of which

The church of Saint Bartholomew flies its solemn service flag, than which there could be no more impressive or more appropriate decoration



every star is a son. Over the doorway of the Ritz, where the gay parties stop in their motors, float the flags of seven nations. A little farther down the street the church of Saint Bartholomew flies its emblem of service. Up by the Plaza the red brick house of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt shows, in addition to its usual spring greenery, a gay decoration of flags, and the erstwhile sacredness of the tall iron fence protecting the lawn is violated by a huge poster emphatically announcing that Liberty Bonds build ships. The patriotic ensemble must surely have been stimulating to Bond Sales in the neighbourhood.

Everywhere it is war as well as spring, and as omnipresent as the gold of the sunshine is the red, white, and blue of the battling nations. Everything that everybody does has as its *raison d'être* some patriotic need. The usual rounds of war work continue, the usual concerts and tableaux take place. Nowhere is there evidence of the annual exodus to country houses, and rumours are rife of a summer season in town.

A CONCERT BY COLLEGE GLEE CLUBS

Something a bit different from the usual benefit was the concert given at the Waldorf by members of the Harvard, Yale, and

At the meeting of the Committee of the Fatherless Children of France at the home of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Oren Root wore this black frock

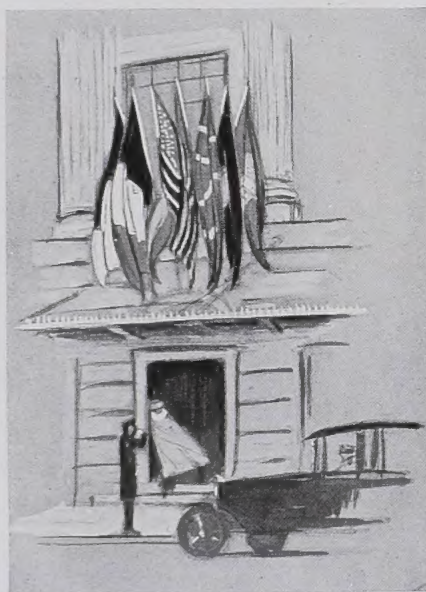




Princeton Glee and Mandolin Clubs for the benefit of the Armenian and Syrian Relief Fund. Assisted by Frances Alda and Anna Fitziu, they provided an evening of pleasant entertainment followed by dancing. Numbers of young girls were present, and some of their frocks were charming. One of the loveliest of them all was a picturesque gown of sheerest silver tissue worn by a slender brown-haired girl. Bodice and skirt were trimmed with quillings of turquoise blue ribbon, and between the bands of trimming were run the finest tucks. The girdle was a narrow band of blue ribbon ending in a tiny bow with long ends. Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt was charming in white. Her gown of white sequins, very straight, was worn with diamonds and camellias, a combination as regal as it was smart and becoming. Her white cape was lined with emerald green, and she carried a fan of the same shade.

Mrs. Pratt was the leading spirit in another interesting and unusual event when the "Miniature Entertainment by Tiny People" was given at her home for the benefit of the Babies' Ward of the Post Graduate Hospital. Mrs. Pratt arranged the programme, which was carried out with surprising delicacy and charm. The dances, fourteen in number, were done in costume. Little Cynthia Ann Pratt was a particularly charm-

These talented performers raised five hundred dollars by their "Miniature Entertainment by Tiny People" given at the home of Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt for the Babies' Ward of the Post Graduate Hospital



The gay parties that flash from their motors into the Ritz pass under the flags of seven nations, hung over the doorway



A chestnut-haired young woman wore this effective mourning costume with its sleeves, high collar, and cuffs edged with white

ing wood nymph with Lillian Emerson as co-star. Master Ashley Chanler showed that he had inherited the ability of his mother, Mrs. William Astor Chanler, in his recitation of Richard Harding Davis' poem, "The Children's Revolution." During the intermission, Mrs. Harri- man told of the increasing needs of the Babies' Ward and thanked the small performers and their friends in the audience for doing so much to help. Mrs. George J. Gould's youngest daughter, Gloria, then appeared for the second time in public as an elocutionist. Four dancing numbers and several patriotic songs followed. The proceeds of the afternoon amounted to five hundred dollars, to the great joy of the young entertainers who are photographed at the upper left on this page, as follows: top row, left to right, Elsie Phelps, Polly Phelps, Dyson Duncan, Cynthia Pratt, Elsie Benkard, Lillian Emerson, Ashley Chanler, Marjorie Oelrichs, Katherine Tod; front row, seated, Rose Davis, Grosvenor Davis, Dallas Bache Pratt, 2nd, Leta Clews.

White was worn by Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt at the cabaret for the Naval Auxiliary which was given a few nights later at the Ritz. Her gown, original in the extreme simplicity of its line, was of white brocade falling straight from the shoulders, front and back; additional width was given by pleats at the sides to permit freedom of movement in dancing. Flowing sleeves of white chiffon gave this gown unusual grace and distinction, and its tone was repeated in a strand of pearls. Mrs. Vanderbilt's black hair and the vivid salmon pink of the feather fan which she carried provided the notes of contrast.

The entertainment was in the hands of professionals who responded with their accustomed generosity, and after the performance was over many well-known stars contributed their bit to the amusement of the evening—or rather of the night.

FOR THE JUNIOR WAR RELIEF SOCIETY

In contrast to this entertainment, in that they were entirely in the hands of amateurs, were the three plays given at the Garden Theatre for the



The Baroness Alfred de Ropp wore this black satin cape at the wedding of her daughter to Major Eric Fisher Wood, U. S. N. A.



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Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., established a record for Liberty Bond sales by making the initial payment on each purchaser's bond. The boy in the picture has just bought a bond, and seems to enjoy having Mrs. Vanderbilt pin on his button



Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt wore this straight gown of white sequins with diamonds and camellias, under a cape lined with emerald green to match her feather fan

a satin bodice with a collar that rose in points to the tips of her ears. Her black satin hat was trimmed with ostrich and she wore a sable scarf.

TWO DISTINCTIVE COSTUMES

In these days of war-time simplicity, the charm of a woman's jewellery stands out in sharp distinction to her costume. An illustration of this was the costume worn by the Marquise de Polignac; a very simple blue suit and a dark hat made an effective setting for earrings of black cameos surrounded by pearls and for a small rectangular veil pin of diamonds and rubies. The Marquise has divided her time be-



At the cabaret for the Naval Auxiliary, given at the Ritz, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt wore white brocade falling straight from the shoulders with flowing sleeves of chiffon

benefit of the Junior War Relief Society of which Mrs. Walter Eyre Lambert is the President. The actors were members of the Amateur Comedy Club, an organization which had its beginning in 1884 and which gave only private performances until last December, when several plays were given for the benefit of the Soldiers' Entertainment Fund. The latest performance was a creditable one, and the last playlet, written by Mildred Cram and called "The Door," was particularly good; it had its setting in a palazzo in Sienna and partook somewhat of the nature of a pantomime. Especially effective was one bit of carnival scene showing the exit of Columbine and obviously inspired by a recent Vanity Fair cover. The entertainment was not without its patriotic side, for between the acts of the second play Major Ian Hay Beith, author of "The First Hundred Thousand," gave a talk which was full of optimism in respect to the ultimate victory of the Allies. He made an inspiring picture as he stood in the darkened theatre before a great service flag and told of his experience with that first famous regiment, many of whom now lie in Flander fields.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who opened her home on Fifty-eighth Street for the benefit of the National League for Woman's Service during the winter, performed a like service for the New York Committee of the Fatherless Children of France. André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, was one of the speakers, and Miss Eleanor Fell of the Paris Committee also spoke, telling of her work. A large number of distinguished women attended the meeting. Among the ushers was Mrs. Oren Root, who is much interested in the efficient work of the New York Committee, wearing an unusual frock with a skirt of black wool material and



The home of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt shows, with the usual spring greenery, a gay group of flags and this huge and patriotic poster against the iron railing

tween Washington and New York during this winter, but will return to France in the near future. A very effective mourning costume, worn by a chestnut-haired young woman who was also one of the guests at Mrs. Alexander's home, is fruitful of suggestion to the woman with taste. Her sleeves, high collar, and cuffs were edged with white and she wore a string of pearls. From her small round hat flowed a long veil which was held in place by a narrow ribbon.

A special performance of "Her Country," the play which has been giving New York an intimate peep at life in a small German military post just before the war, was given for the benefit of the French Restoration Fund. It is the purpose of the founders of this fund to raise at least ten million dollars to be used towards the

permanent reconstruction of cities, towns, and villages in the devastated districts of Northern France. Mrs. Algernon Sartoris, wife of a grandson of General Ulysses S. Grant, has for some months, while her husband has been fighting in the French Foreign Legion, been carrying on the work of organizing branches in various parts of the United States to cooperate with the Central Committee. A number of these branches have already adopted specific French towns and are collecting the money to rehabilitate them after the war. Chicago has adopted the city of Rheims. Between the acts of "Her Country," Mrs. Sartoris gave a brief talk on conditions in France as she found them in a recent visit to the front and showed a number of pictures of the devastated region. Later a German helmet found by Mrs. Sartoris on the battle field was raffled off by Miss Marjorie Curtis who, with Miss Mercedes de Acosta, Miss Audrey Osborn, Miss Dorothy Bigelow, and a number of others, acted as ushers. During the evening, (Continued on page 73)



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Miss Marjorie Curtis was one of the most eloquent and persuasive bond salesmen at the Liberty Bell Booth established in the City Hall Park by the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense

Mrs. Angier B. Duke wears this hat of vermillion straw brimmed with ostrich feathers and poppies of the same brilliant colour



Earrings of black cameos set in pearls and a small veil pin of diamonds and rubies were worn by the Marquise de Polignac



A gown of printed chiffon juggles with the colours of a motley tulip bed and yet keeps the lines one associates with white muslin and blue sashes. On a willow green ground, a magenta design with a central dot of bisque, makes a "success of audacity," which is repeated by the sash of magenta faille, lined with pale green chiffon, and trimmed on the edges with a pleating of green faille ribbon. The plain green chiffon fichu is finished with silk flowers in green, magenta, Chinese blue, and yellow. A bisque and green hat with a green ostrich plume which is cut through the brim and falls gracefully over the back of the head, completes a costume which composes delightfully on the canvas of a summer day; design by Helen Dryden

THESE FASHIONS STUDIED ROMNEY AND RAEBURN AND HOPNER AND ADAPTED THE PICTURESQUE COSTUMES OF THEIR PAINTED LADIES TO THE SUMMER MODES OF TO-DAY



Baron de Meyer

No lovelier hat than this was ever worn by any of the famous beauties who sat for their portraits to Raeburn or Romney. It is of fine leghorn straw faced with pale pink taffeta silk and trimmed with pink silk roses with blue taffeta leaves—a case of artistic license. Narrow ribbons, dark blue on one side and Persian blue on the other, hang from the hat, which is also trimmed underneath with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace. The fichu of Persian blue faille, which is decidedly in the picture, has a pleated ruching of fringed faille; hat and fichu by Joseph



As every one knows, Emma, Lady Hamilton—"prail Emma of the Edgeware Row," whom Nelson left as a legacy to his country—was Romney's inspiration; but perhaps a little of this incomparable creature's charm was due to the clothes of that time. A design by Helen Dryden, which follows the least resistible lines of Romney's period, has a large shell-pink crin straw hat faced with pale yellow Georgette crêpe and trimmed with a ruffle of cream Alençon lace and pink satin roses with moss-green taffeta leaves. A wrap of pale pink and white checked taffeta, edged with a narrow fringe, is especially charming with the yellow organdie dress



This quaint and dainty gown of shell pink organdie and taffeta was inspired by Romney's portrait of Mrs. Thelwall, and it carries out all the traditions of certain rooms in the National Gallery. The waist and upper part of the skirt are of organdie, and narrow ruffles of the pink taffeta silk outline the bodice and finish the elbow sleeves. A double row of organdie cording trims the sleeves and is repeated on the skirt, where the organdie and taffeta join. A wide sash of Persian blue ribbon contributes a colour value dear to a painter's eye; frack designed by Joseph



The pleasant turmoil of an early start from Yoho Valley with the scent of fir, the scent of burning wood, and the aroma of one's morning coffee in the still cool mountain air

CAMP-FIRES IN THE SNOW

THERE isn't a sound in all the world but the murmur of the little waterfall a mile away. There are no birds. No insects. There isn't a breath in the fir. The stars stand above the mountains like points of cold fire with never a film of cloud between them and the lake that lies, black as a black diamond, in the cup of the enormous mountains that carry sombre firs to the snow-line, burnt cinder rocks above that, and then snow—snow—that seems, in the half light, to touch the bottom of Cassiopeia's chair and the paws of Ursa Major, swinging through the tingling north.

On the shore, opposite that gap in the ramparts where Mount Lefroy looks bleakly through, carrying a glacier in his lap, there is a brisk little fire—such a daring, leaping, yellow-tongued, red-hearted little fire that chirps vainglorious crackles into the heart of all that awesomeness. And round the fire—us.

ROUGHING IT, NOT TOO ROUGHLY

"Six thousand six hundred and sixty-four feet above sea level—that's a rise of fifteen hundred since lunch; practically two thousand since we left Banff," said one of the men, stretching out his toes luxuriously. "Mighty clever little ponies. And as for Bush River Jones, that guide ought to be knighted."

And so the talk drifted while the subjects of the conversation dozed and our own tents yawned cheerfully with opened flaps. Bough beds were inside with five Hudson Bay blankets on each. That this was August and that a man had yesterday jumped off Brooklyn Bridge because he said he couldn't live any longer in the stone-walled furnace of Manhattan Island, had nothing to do with it. We were at Lake O'Hara in the Canadian Rockies, and as soon as dusk fell, the glaciers breathed on a world which changed from early summer temperature to that of late fall, with more than a promise of winter toward dawn.

We had hired our guide, our cook, our tents, food, riding ponies, pack ponies, and everything else we needed from the Brewster Company at Banff, which supplies camping parties from every resort in this section of the Canadian Rockies with all the necessities. The Rocky Mountain horse, by the way, must belong to an especial branch of the equine family, since he seems to require no previous experience on the part of his rider. He isn't in the

Though Europe Is Closed to the Traveler,
One May Reach Paradise by Pony-back
Over the Trails of the Canadian Rockies

By BETTY D. THORNLEY



least stupid, that broncho, and he certainly isn't spiritless, but, as Bush River would put it, "he's wise to the mountains, and—hm—he's fool-proof." They are so sure-footed that people who have never put foot in stirrups can ride them. When we left Banff, to be sure, we had thought we would never find a view worthy to be compared with that from the great stone terrace above the novel swimming pool—that enormous rift in the mountains made for the Bow and the Spray Rivers to rush, shouting, into each other's arms. But after all, anybody can see Banff. Pretty nearly everybody does. Just as pretty nearly everybody used to go to Europe. But to take guides, and cooks, and tents, and ponies, and slip out into that crumpled immensity of Rockies and Selkirks that it takes the fastest express twenty-four hours to cross; to rough it, not too roughly, under the ciceroneage of those who know it as well as do the marmots and the snow lilies themselves—that would be the sort of experience that war-work-wearied nerves really need.

From Banff to Louise is just an hour's run by train, and we gave our trunks the pleasure of the trip. But by trail, it was thirty-eight stupendous twisted miles around the toes of so many pinky brown mountains, and past so many

After a day's riding, one may have tea among the Iceland poppies that spangle the terrace right down to the edge of Lake Louise



Where the Bow River, on the trail from Banff to Lake Louise, is shallow enough to ford, the horses splash through joyfully, despite the fact that the temperature of the water is glacial even under an August sun

Photographs by Fred Armbrister



On the way to the Yoho Valley, picnic lunch is served by the side of a pulled-taffy brooklet, ice cold and very much in a hurry

flashing fields of paint-brush, and round the edges of so many still blue valleys, that we concluded to send back all our adjectives, post-paid, when we reached Louise. For what was the use of saying something, and then saying it over again, when it never came anywhere near to signifying what one meant?

There's no use in denying the fact that one appreciates perfect service even in the Rockies, and one gets it at Louise. We had intended to stay an hour or so—overnight, perhaps. But we ended by calling an indefinite halt at this charming oasis of civilization in the mountainous middle of untamed nature. On the fifth day, however, when we had gathered in a lounge that was everything metropolitan heart could desire, after tea among the Iceland poppies that spangled the terrace sweeping right down to the edge of the lake itself, it suddenly seemed to come to each of us that there was a great difference be-



There are five enormous windows in the dining-room at Lake Louise, the largest sheets of plate glass on the continent, imported from England, and so placed that every diner may enjoy the Victoria Glacier with his coffee



Halfway to the glacier, one sees the Golden Narrows among the red firs and amethyst shadows of Lake Louise



Photographs by Fred Armbrister

On Burgess Pass, riding along the ridge-pole of the world, one sees white-horned peaks peering over each other's shoulders, the blue-green gleam of far glaciers held in the crooks of their august elbows

tween sports clothes and clothes for sports. We were the former; we yearned again for the latter.

Ten minutes with the omnipresent Brewster sufficed to change the complexion of our plans. We had decided to take guide and cook and tents again and go to Lake McArthur.

"Very well, sir. Certainly. You'll start to-morrow? Oh, no, it's quite an easy trip. The ladies will have no trouble at all, and one guide will be sufficient."

And so we had left the big hotel, a-sprawl along the miracle-tinted lake with the white wonder of the Victoria Glacier frothing over the top of the world at the end of the long vista. We had watched Louise until we had said to ourselves that no water could be so greenly blue, so shot with amethyst half-shadows, so blent with under-surface diamonds and banded agates and shiverin-

Continued on page 71

RED CROSS HOSPITALITY IN FRENCH CHÂTEAUX

ONE of the few good things brought about by the war is the opportunity it has given Americans to prove the affection which they have always professed for France. Since the first days of the war, the American volunteers who have been serving in the French army and as ambulance drivers, have proved the truth of the proverb which says, "Every man has two countries—his own, and France." These lovers of France have been content to think that if they died for her, there would be a corner of some French field that would be forever America; and they have gone to pay the debt we owe to France in whatever way they might.

The Red Cross has, perhaps, been able to do more than any other organization, because, unhappily, there has been so infinitely great a need for relief work. It has taken over for its headquarters some of the oldest and finest French châteaux, but the strangest of its new homes is the old Carthusian monastery at Le Glandier. When the religious orders in France were disestablished in 1902, the Pères Chartreux went to Spain, taking the secrets of their famous liqueur with them, and the French Government took over their monasteries. The forty buildings which cluster around the close of the monastery at Le Glandier (a branch of the Grande Chartreuse at Grenoble) have seen since then such startling changes as the installing of electric lights and running water in every room; but the strangest thing of all is the children's laughter and women's voices which echo through gardens and cloisters which for so many centuries were barred to women.

The Queen of Belgium, with the aid of the American Red Cross, is caring here for a thousand of her little subjects snatched back from German hands. Caught in the sweep of the German armies and held behind the enemy lines for three years, they have finally been released and sent into France by way of Switzerland. All that remains of free Belgium is under German gun-fire, so these children must be sheltered in France for the present. The colony at Le Glandier is under the management of a special agent of Queen Elizabeth, who is helped in this tremendous task by American play leaders and nurses and visiting specialists from the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross.

The American Red Cross Is a Coat Of Arms

Which Many a Noble Castle and Ancient

Monastery In Far-Away France Is Glad to Wear



This monastery, where for so many hundred years only priests walked, is now a home for a thousand Belgian children and some women



American nurses and Belgian Sisters of Charity with troops of rescued Belgian children drift through these old cloisters and gardens

in the future when the war is over.

It is very appropriate that this château should be used as a children's hospital, as it was the country house of Mangini, who built the railroad along the Riviera and many other French railroads. Two of his children died, very tragically, soon after the château was completed; Mangini himself died soon afterward, and his widow bequeathed the château to the City of Lyons. Although it is not an old castle, it is a very splendid one, and it is being well taken care of. The fine panelling of the play room is protected by canvas, and the mural decorations are too high to be hurt by childish fingers. When the youngsters play in the château gardens, they wear wooden sabots, but when they come indoors, off go the sabots into individual racks, and all the small feet go into felt slippers—those *souliers de silence*, the wearing of which is such a happy French custom. There are two big isolation rooms near the main entrance, and upstairs there are splendid play rooms and bedrooms. Rocking-horses, painted parrots, and

(Continued on page 80)



These are the farm buildings at the Château des Halles, near Lyons, where the American Red Cross has established a children's hospital and convalescent home



The Château du Courbat stands in a fertile Touraine farm of five hundred acres. Here crippled soldiers are taught new trades which will make them self-supporting

HAVE YOU AN ANTIQUARY IN YOUR HOME?

Hers Not to Reason Why, Hers But to Go and Buy;

Only the Shop-keeper Knows It's a Blunder

By PAUL GERALDY

Sketches by Georges Lepape



That night, when she went to bed, she said to her husband, "I don't know what is the matter with me. I feel sad, oh, so sad"

HÉLÈNE has certainly known the Dubreuil for five or six years. She has also known for a long time that they have a pretty apartment, amusing in colour and strikingly original. But it was only last week that she took upon herself to look into the details.

"How lovely your house is," she suddenly exclaimed, full of sincere admiration. "And yet it is Chinese, all this!"

"You don't like Chinese things, then, dear Madame?" said Henri Dubreuil, scandalized.

"Well—I mean—I never thought I should like it."

And as she looked about her in astonishment, Dubreuil, happy, began to exhibit one after another of his possessions. He showed her his vases, his embroideries, and above all his lacquers, of which he is very proud, for his collection, begun a dozen years ago, to-day contains some very beautiful pieces. He showed her the difference between the lacquers of the seventeenth

century, of plain pure design, and the lacquers of the eighteenth century, more fanciful and capricious, and more pleasing. He boasted of his big pieces of lacquer from Coromandel, which are becoming rare because for several years they have been very fashionable and because the Americans, it seems, are snatching them up. He gave her some details of the way in which they are made. Then he described to the enthusiastic Hélène the astonishing art of the Chinese painters and sculptors of animals of the great epoch, the firmness of their compositions, their amazing technique, their magnificent understanding of nature, their poetry,

and their realism. Hélène suddenly felt that she profoundly despised everything that did not come from China.

"Where did you find these marvels?" she cried.

Dubreuil gave her some addresses of shop-keepers who were honest and who, although their prices were high, never deceived one about the quality of the things they sold. And for several



But now she knew, she understood, she admired, and she felt in the depths of her heart a little scorn for those whom a Coromandel could leave cold

Hélène was the owner of two unique vases, worthy of a temple or a palace

One advances with the gliding step with which one walks into a museum and a very special sort of smell rises to one's nostrils—the smell of the Orient and of dust

days Hélène dreamed of these things.

This is why, as she came back from her banker's, where her husband had asked her to get some money, Hélène suddenly stopped in front of a shop-window where some beautiful Chinese pieces were shown. It was near the Madeleine. Night falls early in Paris in December, and although it was barely five o'clock, there was hardly any blue left in the sky, and the broken line of the shops was illuminated with glittering lights. Hélène passed before these shops, crowded one against the other, with a delicate pleasure. The sharp cold made her cheeks tingle. She walked quickly, but stopped every few moments in front of some unexpected marvel. After many hats, porcelains, lingerie, rare editions, exquisite flowers, cakes, and diamonds, a lacquer panel suddenly halted her.

"China!" she thought. "Lacquer! Seventeenth century! Coromandel! One doesn't find much of that now. The Americans want it all. How beautiful it is. Coromandel lacquer!" Hélène said this to herself with the pride of a novice. A week or two before she would have passed without so much as a glance at the most beautiful Coromandels in the world. But now she knew, she understood, she admired, and she felt in the depths of her heart a little scorn for the passers-by whose hurried silhouettes were reflected in the windows, and whom a Coromandel could leave cold.

Having recognized the name of one of the shops recommended by Dubreuil, she opened the door and entered. A very special sort of smell rose to her nostrils, the smell of the Orient mixed with the smell of dust. Her respect for China increased. She advanced with the gliding step with which one walks in museums. The shop-keeper, cold and dignified as a curator, emerged from the shadows and came toward her with an air of severe politeness. In a somewhat choked voice, Hélène said, with an effort, "Monsieur, I should like to know the price of that Coromandel panel there in the window."

The shop-keeper silently went to get the panel, put some tortoise-shell glasses on his nose, and consulted a ticket covered with mysterious signs.

"The panel is six hundred francs," he said in an indifferent tone.

"It is beautiful," said Hélène, searching the face of the shop-keeper for reassuring approval. But he remained impassive. Hélène was almost ashamed of not having given a more peremptory tone to her voice. She had said those few words, "It is beautiful," in a tone which was almost questioning and which lacked sureness and asked confirmation. Perhaps she had hurt his feelings. Then she gathered all her energies and said, with vigour,

(Continued on page 70)



"This can't be had any more," said the shop-keeper sadly



PARIS WEDDING-GOWNS OFFER

SOME SILVER AND GOLD COMMENTS

ON THE FUTILITY OF THINKING

THAT THE BRIDE MUST KEEP

TO WHITE SATIN AND TULLE

To prove that satin really isn't mentioned in the marriage service, as most people seem to think, Chéruit uses white panne tulle for this charming wedding-dress worn by Mlle. Kohn. Having proved her point, Chéruit adds a graceful concession to convention in the form of a white satin sash fastened at the left side through the bodice.



Lancin used white tulle embroidered in silver over a silver lamé underdress for a wedding-gown worn by Mlle. Rénouardt in "Mon Jeudi," a new play by Yves Mirande at the Bouffes-Parisiens. A large court train of silver lamé, and a silver lamé sash veiled with white tulle were in charming contrast to the naive coiffure of white daisies in different sizes.

White satin and white tulle have won in the bride's heart a place which Worth refuses to dispute. But just to amuse himself, he arranges the tulle in plaits at each side of the skirt and adds tiny flowers and green foliage to the corsage—a graceful little diversion to the eye among those simple and perfect lines of which he is master.





MODEL FROM IDARE

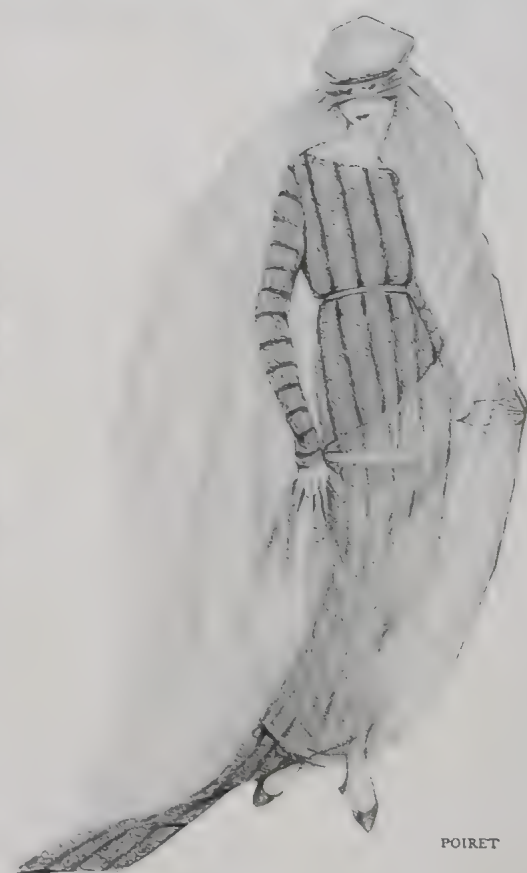
This little bridesmaid knows the demure charm of a bergère frock with tiny bouquets of pink flowers and green leaves posed on a pearly grey ground. From the top of her wide hat to the bottom of her quaint panniers, she seems all sweet consistency—until one's eye falls on that absurd and charming bow

(Left) Jenny made this gown for Mr. Bonato-Costa, who was recently married to the Duchesse de Rignano, son of Prince Colonna. The gown is of white satin embroidered in silver. The train, which is of ancient lace, is held at each side of the face with two lilies, and there is another lily caught between the narrow silver ribbons that form the girdle

(Right) At her second wedding, Princess Lucine-Lausigny wore a Poiret gown of gold broché and mazarine tissue, where the sumptuousness of the material takes the place of any sign of trimming. The blonde veil, similarly guiltless of ornament, is tightened over the forehead with a band of gold ribbon



JENNY



POIRET



Two long strips of black chiffon bordered with bands of painted yellow flowers cross at front and back and make a charming tunic for the woman who has based her wardrobe on an underslip of black charmeuse

Baron de Meyer

For the woman who does not wish to change her frocks with every style and season, this designer has created a fashion with a charm which is quite irrespective of modes. Over a plain underslip one may wear a variety of tunics, differing in style and material according to the hour and the occasion. The tunic shown above is of grey crêpe de Chine with a painted border, worn with an underslip of grey satin; the combination makes a very lovely informal evening gown

DESIGNS BY BERTHA HOLLEY

POSED BY MERCEDES DE CORDOBA

OVER A FOUNDATION SLIP OF SATIN,

SILK, OR SERGE, THIS DESIGNER WILL

BUILD A WARDROBE OUT OF TUNICS

It is called a tea jacket, but we think it is a kind of Oriental charm for captivating all who meet the wearer—this quaint sacque of crêpe de Chine with its chartreuse lining and its queer dull designs painted on a background of white. If one doesn't own a slip of grey or silver, the charm will still work if it is worn over a frock of organdie or lace



PARIS TAKES ITS SUMMER EARLY

IT is nine o'clock in the morning, and I have already been called to the telephone three times. It isn't the tradesmen, to say that my orders are ready; it isn't the telephone inspector, who is anxious to know whether the telephone is in order; it is something much more unexpected than that; it is a stream of charming friends who are calling up to say good-bye. One of them needs a rest and has decided suddenly, over night, to leave Paris. Another is going to join her daughter who is in the country with her governess. The third, my dear and sincere friend Sybil, confesses with charming candour that she is going because she can no longer endure the nervous strain of this intermittent bombardment which may begin at any hour of the day or night. One can't break the engagement which one has already made, simply because of a bombardment—and there you are.

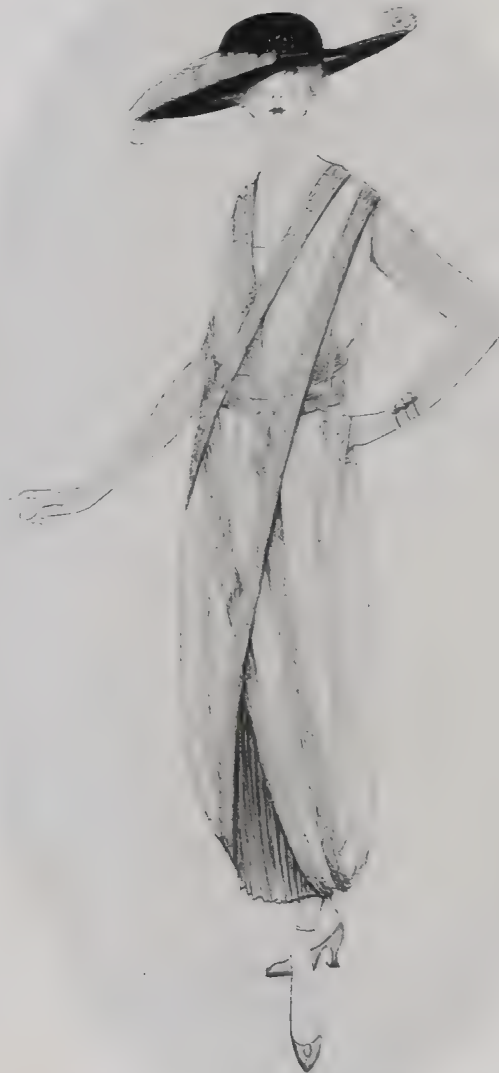
A FLIGHT FROM PARIS

Sybil insists that she must see me before she leaves, which she proposes to do this very evening, although she must travel in a second-class carriage, without a reserved seat, in a train which makes no promises as to time. She is going to a watering-place in Savoy, and the journey, which ordinarily takes twelve hours, may take all of forty-eight. I don't

Bombardments in Paris Give a Sudden Charm to the Watering-places Which Generally Have Their Popularity in July

think much of this plan of Sybil's. What is she thinking about to run away like this? It really is not like her, but I can tell her my opinion better at another time, since she has invited me to luncheon at a hotel which is very much the fashion now for luncheon. At one o'clock, we meet with some intimate friends in a large crowded hall where every one is running about with a worried air, as if they were in a station. The dining-room is as brilliant with crystal and as gay with flowers as if these were times of peace. All about us are well-known faces, many of which we are seeing, if not for the first time, at least for the last time in many months. The words "I am leaving" are written on every face, although without much conviction, for one is never sure of leaving until the train has started. However, every one's eyes have a hopeful expression, and I wonder why. I do not feel as they do; nothing seems better to me than home, especially when I think of the racket of crowded hotels and the poor food which most of them are serving these days. The sooner the crowd leave here, the better pleased we stay-at-homes will be, for then we shall have our beautiful Paris to ourselves and shall have more quiet and calm for the work which must never stop, even under bombardment.

At the table next to ours, Mlle. Mistineuet is lunching with sev-



(Above) Like a shimmery column of white and silver is the wearer of this frock of silver lamé shining through a crossed drape of white silk etamine edged with glittering crystal beads on silver threads

DOUCET

(Left) Being feminine, of course the Parisienne has a weakness for ribbon, and especially when it is checked in blue and white squares and turns into a blouse with a big collar that pretends to be an apron

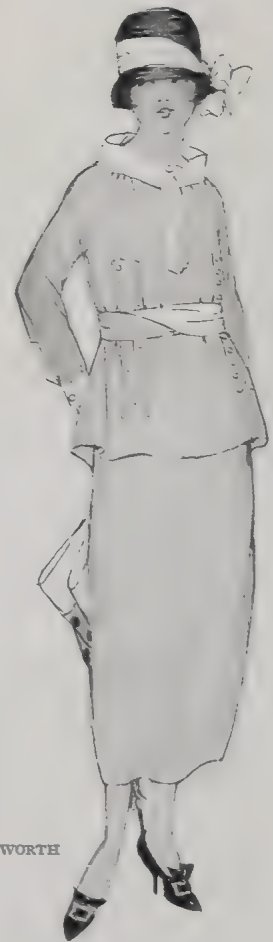


WORTH

This quaint and versatile frock of white foulard, with its chic black dots and its piping and sleeves of black satin, is equally charming when it is asked to spend the morning in the country or go to luncheon right in Paris



WORTH



WORTH

Yellow kid has been recruited to trim this white serge walking costume, and it obligingly lines the belt and collar, too, and makes those many little buttons lined up with soldierly precision on the white serge inserts



JENNY

Just as we like to underscore the things that please our fancy, so Jenny enjoyed putting many rows of brick red saile ribbon on the front of this frock of beige Georgette crêpe. They are double rows separated only at the ends and hung with small brick red silk tassels



LANVIN

A blouse that declares itself marine for all that it is of green velvet bordered, collared, and cuffed with white organdie, buttons with green bone buttons over a pleated white serge skirt. Lanvin took grey straw, grey ribbon, and tiny grey feathers for the veiled hat

eral friends. Her reflections must be quite different from mine, for she needs a full Paris now that she is playing and dancing at the Casino de Paris—a Paris so full of theatre-goers that people will be turned away from the theatres. At another table some lovely creatures are lunching; their untroubled faces show clearly that no problems worry them, and they are dressed and made up till they look like adorable dolls. One has a dress of silk tricot in two colours—a style which is very new and very elegant. The lower part of the skirt is in navy blue, as far up as the hips, and above this it is in mauve; the mauve sailor blouse has an immense square collar which falls to the waist at the back and long mauve sleeves. A rather wide double sash of blue and mauve tricot is knotted about the hips, giving a charming effect. Every one is enthusiastic about silk tricot, and it is used now as much as serge or linen. It comes in stripes and also in two-toned effects such as the one which I have just described. In plain colours, black is especially good; I know of nothing more becoming or more graceful. It is so light that it is suitable for the hottest days of summer. On this same day, Mrs. Kemp wore a



JENNY

This frock knows how chic it is to be plain, even with delicate white Georgette crêpe. That is why it is simply pleated along the sides and without trimming but for a scarf of bright blue silk tricot that encircles the neck and waist and persists to the skirt bottom



CHÉRUIT



CHÉRUIT



MARIA GUY

A gandourah, in the dictionary, is a sleeveless undergarment of striped linen, worn by an East African gentleman. Yet Chéruit, with magnificent effrontery, takes silk serge, embroiders it with red cotton, puts in all the sleeves she can, inserts one swilling Frenchwoman, and calmly calls it a gandourah.

Maria Guy permits this black liséré straw crown with its prim black moire ribbon bows, to froth out into the most surprising black Chantilly lace brim with which to intrigue one's fortunate vis-à-vis.

White wool makes this frock with its quaint basque back which you'd have to take on trust and its apron string girdle, which you can see for yourself. The embroidery motifs are yellow and Chéruit was particularly fortunate when she added a big loose cravat bow on one side to balance the smoking.

You may not see her eyes, but she certainly has them or she wouldn't have recognized the superlative narrowness and smartness of a sheer white organdie hat trimmed with a wide serge ribbon in old-rose.



MARIA GUY

The fringed cape collar of this dark blue taffeta coat has followed its independent cousin, the cape, and crossed its ends becomingly in front—with the result that what began by being a collar, ends by being a sash with tasseled ends



BEER



POIRET

It's a gay little frock; its piping and trimming of red gros-grain ribbon and its embroidery in bright red and blue done on sheer silver cloth, all seem more cheerful than ever because of their blue charmeuse background



POIRET



BEER

The ingenious collar on this navy blue serge and taffeta dress has found a loophole by means of which it appears as a narrow sash. Blue beads, red embroidery, and a flock of red silk tassels—all participate as trimming

White Georgette crêpe makes the better half of the bodice and edges the two tiers of blue foulard below—but it's those gay white dots of different sizes that make the whole the chic and charming frock it is

lovely Jenny dress of white Georgette crêpe. It was simple and soft, with flat pleats on the sides, and it was charmingly swathed in an endless scarf of silk tricot in a "Madonna blue." Her little hat of heavy white silk was also draped in blue, and the result was very informal and quite in keeping with our present existence, in which we have no social life but must meet many prominent people of French and cosmopolitan society every day.

A WAR-TIME LUNCHEON

After this typical luncheon scene of war-time Paris, at which statesmen were seated at tables reserved for men and four American Red Cross nurses were the only women at another tableful of men, my friend left to give some directions in regard to the packing of her trunks. Sybil decided to stay in Paris until the next day, when she could get a reserved seat, although no compartment.

At the fashionable hotels at Aix-les-Bains, people will certainly dress for dinner, so every one carries a variety of dresses in hand-luggage, since large trunks are not allowed. Sybil has a marvellous dress, from Doucet, of very fine white etamine, arranged in two big draperies which cross on a pleated foundation of silver lamé; it is sketched in the middle on page 33. The novel trimming, which glitters like spring water in the sunshine, is made of glass beads threaded on silver. Under an immense hat of black satin with a grey feather, this is a toilet without eccentricity, but with unusual elegance. It is one which is characteristic of Doucet, that past master in the art of harmonies. For evenings, when she is tired and wants to dine in her room, my friend has a gandourah of gold voile embroidered in gold, which Margaine Lacroix has made for her.

From Chérut there is a white dress, sketched



MARIA GUY

This hat of beaver coloured crêpe Georgette with its scarf of matching silk tulle bordered with a band of beaver coloured Georgette, is an over veil, scarf, and, when wound around one, wrap



LUCILE

Nothing could be more unusual among the pastel frocks at a garden party than this one of black chiffon with bands of black satin ribbon and sheer black lace. It has a narrow scalloped underskirt of flesh satin and cream lace



MARIA GUY

Just to show that she could make a brown flower if she wanted to, Maria Guy took yards and yards of beaver coloured tulle and twisted it into long petals, with brown taffeta for a centre at the crown

at the upper right on page 35, with a bodice resembling a little basque in back, but with a straight front, fastened at one side under a narrow embroidered band with a big cravat knot at the top. The little bias strip of wool knotted on the left hip and forming the belt is thoroughly typical of the newest fashions. These charming dresses are simple but exquisite in their details, whether it be the way a sleeve is set in, or the way the fulness is arranged in the back or in the skirt. We must admit that the courtiers have been quick to realize the trend of things; since April they have taken it for granted that we are in midsummer. Since many fortunate and fashionable Parisiennes are going to the various watering-places, this is easy enough to explain, for spring, which is usually at its best in Paris, has been passed by this year, and the

dressmakers have been obliged to make dresses for all their clients to wear in watering-places—those very special summery dresses, some of which are shown in this issue.

To wear at restaurant dinners, Lucile shows a dress, sketched at the lower left on this page in flesh coloured satin veiled with black chiffon with panels of very beautiful black lace held in by a high black belt. Poiret, Beer, and Worth have made some charming models for Aix-les-Bains, Biarritz, and Vichy; some of these are shown on pages 33 and 36. There are designs for all types, with as much or as little originality as one chooses; for even in the simplicity which these serious times call for, it is still possible to show originality. Those who stay in Paris as usual have plenty of time to make their summer preparations, and enjoy the advantages of having Paris all to themselves, since, in normal times, no one ever thinks of going to the country until July.

AN EXCITING PILGRIMAGE

The large shops are a great distraction for those who are fond of shopping. For others, who prefer excitement, there are possibilities for real adventures. A friend of mine, when she knew that Compiègne had been evacuated and was being bombarded, went there all alone to get some precious possessions from the house which she owns there. She herself took a painting by Mignard and some tapestries of the fifteenth century in a wheelbarrow through the ruined streets and down to the baggage van of a train which had been abandoned at the station. To hear her tell about all this is to hear a story full of beauty and despair; it gives one an idea of what can be done by a Frenchwoman of birth who is both energetic and sensible and who does not hesitate to risk her life for the sake of her beautiful family possessions.



LUCILE

The collar of this jaunty little beige silk frock with its navy blue stripes will never rise up in a high wind, for Lucile has tied it down to the waist-line of the flaring blouse with blue silk thread and round crochet buttons



BERTHE HERMANCÉ

MARTIAL
ET ARMAND

BUZENET

Nothing could be more demure than black satin and grey crêpe de Chine. But the designer has changed its whole life with a line of gold embroidery, two gold tassels, and a few stitches that give a culotte effect to the bottom of skirt

Who wouldn't conserve wool, if she could do it in this peach coloured cotton jersey suit for country wear? The whole secret is in the peach colour chiffon panels embroidered in heavy cotton thread of the same delectable shade

Mlle. Paule Andral of the Odéon wears this frock of beige crêpe de Chine and cream lace. The bodice is embroidered in blue and gold, the sleeves are in two minds about bows, and the skirt is draped to live up to its opportunities

In the free time that the departure of so many friends has left us, we can find a thousand new and interesting things to do. So, while my friend returns to Compiègne, where no one can accompany her, I am investigating the big shops, following a certain fad of hers for furnishing. She has bought some of the new straw fabrics in beautiful plain colours and in stripes, which are suitable for furniture coverings as well as for portières to hang between rooms. Behind divans, stretched on the wall, these straw fabrics which recall the sails of boats at Chioggia, would be very effective in stripes of blue and green, violet and green, or in two tones of yellow. Leather armchairs, too, might be decorative, re-upholstered in this material in unusual colours. The new flowers to decorate our rooms are so amusing that they must be mentioned. These are not artificial flowers of silk or cotton in which the petals are made to look as much as possible like nature—not at all. They are fantastic flowers, full of poetry when one sees them in Chinese pottery jars or in big turquoise cloisonné vases. Pale anemones edged with blue and with blue stamens, pepper blossoms with their flexible branches heavy with the weight of their scarlet tassels—there is an infinite variety of flowers, all of them appropriate for lacquered rooms

where real flowers seem too highly coloured. Fresh flowers must be kept for crystal vases in light rooms which have not come under such modern influences.

Now that Paris is almost deserted, it has become quite usual for women to lunch alone at restaurants. In order to avoid the danger zone, it is simpler, between errands, to lunch in the quarter where one happens to be; but it is most important not to forget one's bread card.

"Your card, Madame?" the waiter asks politely. "Good heavens, I have forgotten it," answers the frantic lady, whose heart is in her mouth, for, although in some large restaurants where one is known the head-waiter might overlook this, in others he is implacable. Of course, this only means that a routine must be adopted,—but, just now when we all have so much on our minds, it is difficult not to forget a few details.

The details which are easiest to remember, are those which are concerned with fashions, if one may judge by the new hats which Maria Guy is showing. What do you think of the idea of a ribbon of pink serge on a white book-muslin hat? It is certainly a novelty, and one which must be noted because of its typical simplicity. This hat is sketched at the lower right on page 35. Maria Guy has also made a toque of brilliant faille with a wired Chantilly brim, which would be charming for formal occasions. Its transparency makes a novel effect, especially by artificial light. A similar model is sketched at the lower left on page 35. As for the model in beaver brown tulle, that big dishevelled peony, sketched in the lower middle on page 37,—it will reflect a golden colour on the whole face and increase the effect of the yellow make-up which the Parisiennes have been (Continued on page 69)



The Press Illustrating Service, Inc.

After showing their wounded soldier pupils various charming coiffures for their new trade, these little French teachers place themselves at the mercy of experiment

"Passepou" is the French and fashionable name for the fringe that travels back and forth and up and down this tunic of smooth white Italian silk—but in every-day life it goes by the less aristocratic name of "furniture fringe." However, whatever one calls it, it makes a most decorative trimming and especially on a blouse with a contrasting V and girdle of black satin, worn over a black satin skirt



IT MAY BE ONLY A STRIP
OF FURNITURE FRINGE
OR A QUEER BIT OF
STRAW, CANNILY USED,
THAT GIVES CHIC, AS WIT-
NESS THESE TAPPÉ MODELS



If you are taller than she is and her head is cast down, you see that her hat is a smooth broad affair of tan faille silk with a soft loose crown and a band and bow of tan faille ribbon; but when she looks up, that selfsame hat becomes a dark blue background for a piquant face



It's a hat with an individuality and smartness all its own, in spite of the fact that its lines are familiar sailor lines and its only trimming is a perky bow of plain black taffeta. It's the straw that does it, for it's a curious heavy round straw in a mixture of black and white



This hat, with its crown of open-work black straw and its brim of black satin, has, like many people, developed more in some directions than in others. At either side it's as ambitious and as broad as a hat can conveniently be, but in front and back it shows a more retiring nature



There is the charm of many conquests about a leghorn hat. But whereas the leghorns of long ago contented themselves with a nosegay, two streamers, and great ignorance of life, this one, with its rolling brim, has an upper facing of black velvet that undulates with the straw, and a loose—but oh so artful—black velvet crown. Just to show that it really belongs to the family, however, this latest leghorn wears two roses over its heart

When one's summer fur gives way to a string of pearls and a fan, one will long for a hat like this, made of layer on layer of sheerest white organdie with a double frill of the organdie, finely pleated, like a halo round the moon. To prove it really wasn't just a happy accident, the designer has signed his creation with a band of French blue ribbon tied in a bow



Baron de Meyer

HATS FROM STEIN AND BLAINE

SUMMER BRINGS THREE

HATS WITH BUT A

SINGLE THOUGHT: TO

MAKE THE BEST OF ONE

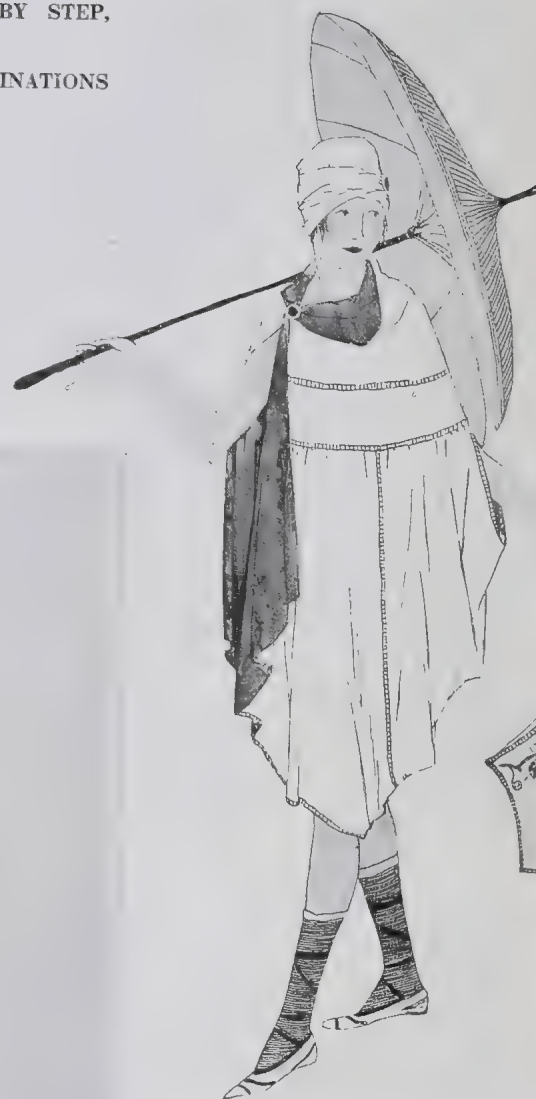


One must be very sure of one's taste to subject it to the severe test of this tailored hat of dark brown straw. The crown wears a veil which it has subtracted from the brim, which, however, is quite content to take in exchange a brown veil with a hand-drawn design in brown thread. The fore-drawn trimming for such a hat is a velvet ribbon in beige, twisted over directly in the front, and tied in a tailored bow in the back

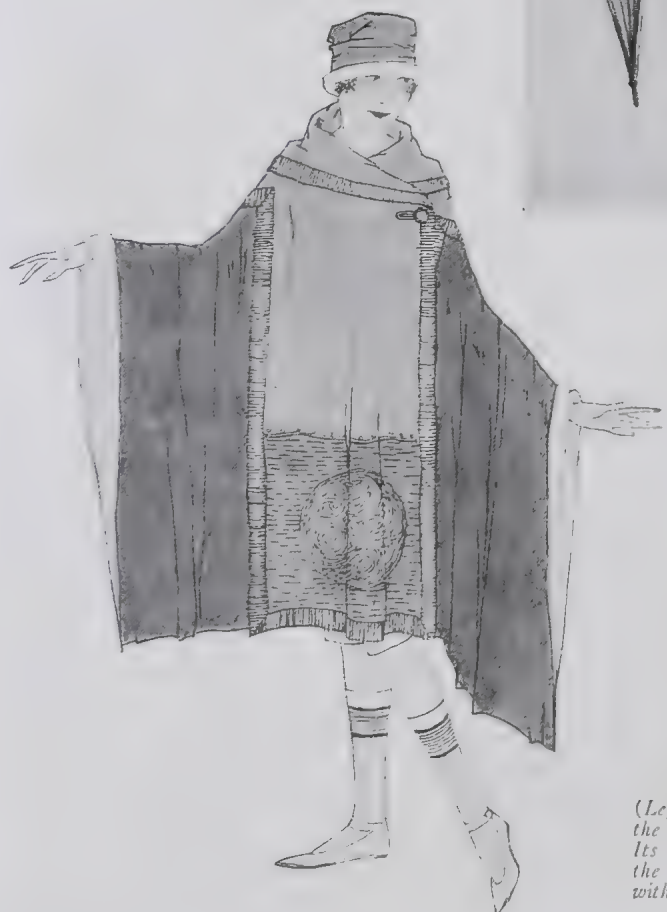
BATHING SUITS HAVE DECIDED TO KEEP PACE WITH FASHION, STEP BY STEP,
AND SO GO IN FOR SASHES, EMBROIDERY, AND ODD COLOUR COMBINATIONS



(Left) This bathing-suit could win its case for originality in any court, for it has the drape that the house of Callot made. As for its colour scheme, that is original, too. Although it starts out calmly enough with dull battleship grey taffeta, it soon develops little orange taffeta bands about the neck and sleeves and has its edges stitched in grey. The crushed belt and the rubber tam-o'-shanter are both orange, but the bloomers are deep lilac and finished with three narrow ruffles



The bathing-wrap is a white satin cape lined with rubberized satin in navy blue. Bands stitched with blue follow the lines of the edges, yoke, and seams, and the cap of blue and white satin fastens with a blue and white button at one side, like the wrap. The towel and knitting go to the beach in a rubberized grey satin bag that has applications of coloured rubberized satin in a design of fruit and flowers



DESIGNS BY POLLY TIGHE

This swimmer walks across the beach in a slip-on suit of black satin lined with white. It has a surplice bodice and a short skirt that crosses at the front and lies with a wide sash. As soon as the water is reached, this suit displays its protean talent. The wearer slips it off, and she is in a suit of navy blue and white striped wool jersey, ready for her dive



(Left) A design that is lovely enough for the opera accounts for the poise of this wrap of wool jersey lined with waterproof satin. Its Chinese blue is combined with a deeper French blue, and the panels are outlined with wool stitching in the two shades, with a design in silk braid and wool. Instead of bona fide sleeves, wide openings are left for the arms

The pleasure of a smart appearance on the sands and the fun of a good swim are practicable in this slip-on bathing-suit of brown taffeta with a double belt and narrow bands of tan. It fastens at the front with buttons at either side

Patterns of the designs shown on this page will be cut to order at the special rate of \$3 in size 36; other sizes, with pinned as well as flat patterns, \$5

Chérut used cream coloured filet lace over white satin for this dress and draped the lace in back in a way that suggests the hood of a burnoose. Wide sleeves set on to the drooping shoulders continue this soft loose effect, and the sash of heavy white Georgette satin with unfinished fringed ends is thoroughly in keeping with the whole costume



LACE NETS THAT PARIS

SPREADS FOR THE FEET

OF THE UNWARY SHOPPER

MODELS FROM GIDDING



Over a foundation of silver cloth, finished at the bottom with a wide fold of white chiffon, a cream coloured filet mesh sprinkled all over with cream colour tassels hangs in straight and simple lines. Chérut was so pleased with this combination that she added nothing but a crushed sash of silver cloth, tied to form a cascade drapery at the side



When you see lace and mesh it is combined in a beautiful way, you may be sure that the Gaudy sisters are responsible. Black chiffon, over white silk, is used as a background for these patterns in white silk lace in an all-over spray design. A belt in one color is drawn over two panels in contrast to the pattern of the lace.

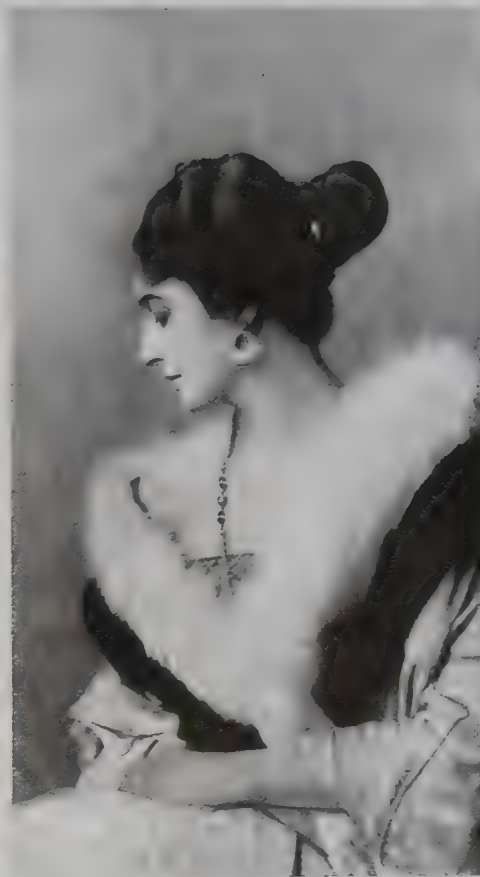
A gown of black Chérut lace over a Parisian satin, with long, flowing sleeves up to the elbow. A deep band of black satin hung from an embroidered organza top makes the underskirt; and the sash of black tulle slightly exaggerates the fact that a big bow in back is a charming feature of this season's styles.

FASHION DISCIPLINES THE WAYWARD LOCK



COIFFURES BY ROBERT

These four interpretations of one style of coiffure all show that hair-dressing, having adopted the simple life some time ago, is still following a path that is puritanical, although not always straight. In the sketch at the upper left, the hair is brushed severely back from the forehead and caught in a soft loop, held above and below by a tortoise-shell comb set with onyx. In the middle photograph, Flore Revalles has adopted a softly waved coiffure which follows the lines of her shapely head and tucks in at one side of the back under one of the jewelled pins which are taking the place of more elaborate ornaments. The coiffure at the upper right is simple, too, in spite of the waves that outline the face and grow wider towards the back of the head, and the sparkling bandeau of jewels that crowns it in the evening. But the coiffure at the bottom of the page is the most puritanical of all—it has suppressed any hint of the wayward lock or unruly curl of fiction and firmly tucked all frivolity under the sleek twist at the back.



(Two coiffures above) A coiffure can do amazing things to one's personality; only the most strong-minded woman can be self-possessed when she knows that her hair is badly dressed, but almost any woman feels more poise with every pin that holds her hair in its most becoming lines. By knotting the hair high at the back of the head—presto—she acquires a charming air of dignity, and by adding curls over the ears, she has a new delightful touch of poppancey.

(Two coiffures, middle, above) Between and between stages are apt to be unpleasant periods, and especially discouraging is that stage between short hair and long. Vera Baranovskaya, however, illustrates a solution for hair that has been bobbed but now aspires to flowing lengths. While it is neither long nor short (and afterwards) it may be drawn back from the forehead and turned under at the back, and the ends at either side may be rolled into puffs or curls.



(Two coiffures above) Fashion has wandered from regarding the exact position of the knot of hair at the back of the head, realizing, no doubt, that there are heads that are more shapely when the knot rests independently above them and others that insist upon a knobby position at the neck. The only rule is one of simplicity, and even this may be waived in favor of an unusual ornament, a feather, a band of ribbon, and, for the young girl, a small spray of flowers.

(Left) This sea of straight hair is not ashamed of its straightness. Unless waves are more becoming to the face beneath it, it is entirely frank about its lack of curves and quite independent of artificial aid. Rae Hartley illustrates the possibilities of a curl-less coiffure by the simple and becoming method of drawing her hair straight back from her forehead, softening it over the ears, and then rolling it into a low knot pinned securely in place at the back of the head.

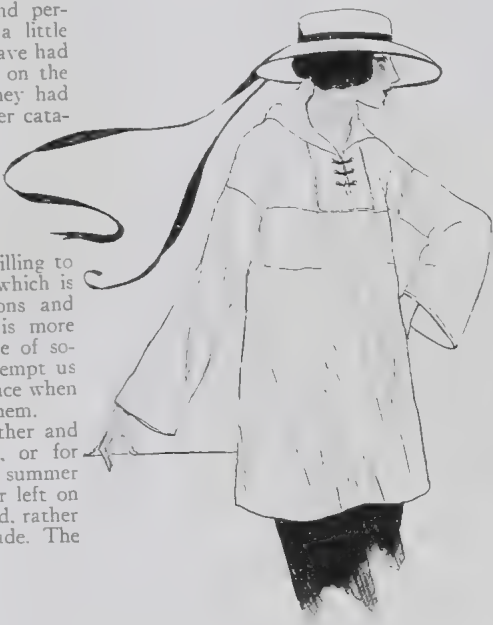
DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

THERE are many women who are satisfied with the skirt, blouse, and sweater combination for their country clothes; but there is an ever-increasing number who are beginning to look for a little more originality, and it is for them that these clothes have been designed. There is nothing freakish about these models. In a season which promises to keep closely to the conventional in its costumery, the designs on these pages will be found perfectly wearable. But they differ just a little from the ordinary sports clothes, which have had a long day and which make the women on the verandas of a country club look as if they had dressed themselves out of some mail-order catalogue.

Every one of these designs has a touch of originality about it and is well made of the best materials. The prices are not extraordinarily low, at first hearing. If one wants really first-class materials in these days, one has to be willing to pay for them. But one good costume, which is adapted to a great number of occasions and which will look well on all of them, is more economical in the end than a multitude of so-called cheap skirts and blouses which tempt us by small prices, but prove an extravagance when we pile up an unnecessary number of them.

A country suit which will stand weather and may be worn for sports, for walking, or for motoring is the first requisite of the summer wardrobe. The one shown at the lower left on this page is of soft heather mixture tweed, rather light in weight and of a green brown shade. The

Note—For the duration of the war Vogue will conduct this department to meet the needs of the woman with a war-reduced income. If any special problem confronts you, write to Vogue, 10 West 44th Street, enclosing a three-cent stamp, and it will answer without charge any individual question on dress, will suggest ways of altering frocks, assist in planning a wardrobe, and suggest patterns. Vogue will cut a pattern of any costume shown in this department at the special rate of \$3 in size 36; other sizes, with pinned as well as flat patterns, \$5. A pattern of any blouse shown in this department will cost \$1.50 in size 36; other sizes, \$2.50.



Those who are land service gardeners can not go to sea, but they may adopt a linen crash smock that is frankly cut on the sensible lines of a sailor's wind coat. It laces with gay cerise cords and has wide long sleeves that may be rolled up when one works in the shade.



material has undergone a process of waterproofing which makes it impervious to rain. Sleeveless garments have made great strides in popular favour this season, and this jacket shows a rather new version of them. Its lines are simple, with patch pockets on either side. Each section of the jacket ends in curved seams, which give a new appearance. The narrow belt ties in front, and the coat is buttoned in double-breasted fashion. Under the rolling collar there are four flat buttons hidden from view and used to fasten on the short circular cape, lined with a beautiful quality of brown silk, which may be worn falling smartly from the shoulders or may be drawn around the body, giving extra warmth and protection from the weather. The skirt is perfectly plain and is cut in two pieces, with the seams at the sides. This suit is an example of the sort of garment that is a real economy. It may be worn as it is for walking or motoring, and when the cape is removed it makes a golf costume giving perfect freedom to the arms. The jacket may be used just as a sleeveless sweater with a linen or gingham frock or a blouse and skirt. Made of heather mixture tweed, it costs \$125. It would also be good in wool jersey, if one is not tired of that ubiquitous fabric, and perhaps the jacket would then be even more useful.

THE NEW SLEEVELESS COAT

We have had the sleeveless jacket with us for a long time, but the sleeveless coat is something newer. It has been designed for wear over a plain one-piece frock of simple design and simple fabric, to lend extra warmth or to give variety to the costume. The coat sketched at the lower right on this page is made of navy

blue serge and hangs in panels, one forming the back and two the sides, trimmed with black tailor braid. The two front panels are somewhat shorter than the back one, giving grace of line. Sash ends cross in front, looping loosely again at the low waist-line in the back. In blue serge the coat may be bought for \$45. One of the advantages of this simple design is that one

may have it copied by a tailor or dressmaker. In that case, the material must be carefully chosen to harmonize with the frocks with which one intends to wear it. For some wardrobes, a tan or neutral shade would give better combinations. Others might call for black or white. It is worth while to give careful consideration to the selection of the colour, as the great advantage of this coat is the number of frocks with which it may be worn.

If one desires to retain the skirt and blouse style, there is no reason why the materials chosen for this favourite combination may not show some originality. The sketch at the lower right on the opposite page shows a costume which has been carefully worked out. The blouse, so simple that it might be called a shirt, is of white French flannel, a material of which we shall see something this season after its long retirement. It is cut on military lines with patch pockets fastened with either bone or pearl buttons. The long line of the collar takes away a too-masculine air, and the narrow cuff fastens tightly around the wrist. In French flannel the blouse will be made for \$15 in thoroughly well-tailored style. It may also be ordered in white handkerchief linen for \$15 or in khaki coloured



This country suit of heather mixture tweed or wool jersey is a whole catalogue of possibilities. It combines all the advantages that capes and sleeveless jackets have, it is impervious to rain, and may be worn for walking, motoring, or golf.

The sleeveless coat gives welcome variety to simple one-piece frocks. With its three panels and its crossed and looped sash, this model has decided grace of line. One should choose the colour to go with as many frocks as possible.



Sweaters may advantageously give up wool for silk, and for summer they should be as gay as this slim cerise model from Poirette, London. It is sashed and banded with white at the neck, and the sleeves are set in with knitted cross-bands

poplin or gabardine for \$18. An unusual sports skirt, and one of the newest, goes with it and may be had for \$45. It is accordion pleated, a revived fashion which gives excellent service for country wear. The material is a fine velours similar to a wool cashmere, and the colour combinations are dark green and white, brown and blue, black and white, and navy and white. The skirt is practically a one-piece affair and is slightly circular at the bottom; the checks form unusual lines from the way the pleats fall. The hat worn with this costume is a perfectly plain sailor, one of the smartest types shown this season and one which looks wonderfully well when it is becoming. A woman who can not stand severe lines should not attempt to wear this rigidly correct style. Any one, however, who looks well in a riding-habit is safe in adopting such a hat.

For some time women have been expressing a desire for a new country coat for motoring and sports to take the place of the sweater, which



Another of Poirette's silk sweaters is shown here, and the hands at the sides are wide, gold, tomato, and royal blue. With a wide, round silk hat the combination makes a costume that offers suggestions to those who are true to sweaters here



It is a wise wardrobe that admits the services of the nautical pea-jacket to replace sweaters for the Army and Navy. For motoring and sports this country coat is a new suggestion that will prove vastly useful and interesting



When a white pongee costume has a graceful Russian blouse over a finely pleated skirt trimmed with blue silk stitching, it is one which a slender young person may wear at almost any hour or on any occasion of the summer

many of them feel has been rather overworked. One of our designers makes the suggestion which is shown in the sketch in the middle of this page. This is neither more nor less than the pea-jacket of the United States Navy with its double-breasted front, wide sleeves, convertible collar, and characteristic slit pockets on either side of the front buttons, into which one can comfortably slip one's hands on a chilly motor drive. As seen in the sketch, it is suggested in duvetyn or wool velours, in navy blue, of course, and is lined with tan, white, or grey pussy-willow taffeta, so that it slips on easily over any sort of a gown or over the French flannel blouse which promises to be popular for sports wear this summer. One of the tailors recommended by Vogue is enthusiastic over the idea of making up this useful garment. In duvetyn it will be \$75 and in wool velours, \$65. As a suggestion for a young girl who has a penchant for sailors and would like to wear their working cap, the designer has planned this version in white silk poplin, softened and feminized with a patterned veil. All but the youngest faces, however, are cautioned against its trying lines.

The costume sketched at the lower left on this page has also been designed for the young girl of slender proportions. It is developed in white pongee, the skirt finely pleated and rather longer than those we have been seeing lately. It is trimmed at even intervals throughout its length with two rows of coarse navy blue silk stitching. (Continued on page 73)



More distinction is obtained by tailoring the popular blouse and skirt costume to within an inch of its life than in any other way. This French flannel blouse is combined with an accordion-pleated velours sports skirt

L'AMANT D'HERIKA

Quand mon amant, mon bel amant,
L'amant que j'aimais tendrement,
Un matin d'automne, naguère,
Vers l'occident partit en guerre,
Pour lui servir de talisman
J'avais cousu sous son dolman,
Protégeant le cœur de leurs ondes,
Mes deux plus belles tresses blondes.

Quand mon amant, mon cher amant,
L'amant que j'aimais follement,
Un matin d'automne, naguère,
Vers l'occident partit en guerre,
Pour le sauver dans les combats,
J'avais gravé du haut en bas,
Avec une opale coupée,
Des noms de saints sur son épée.

Quand mon amant, mon tendre amant,
L'amant que j'aimais ardemment,
Un matin d'automne, naguère,
Vers l'occident partit en guerre,
Pour conjurer l'esprit du mal,
J'avais aux crins de son cheval
Tressé du trèfle à quatre branches
Et des brins de fougères blanches.

Ah! tombez mes cheveux d'or roux!
Au clair de lune effeuillez-vous,
Néfastes branches de fougères!
Dans vos chapelles mensongères,
Ricanez, saints du Paradis!
Symboles faux, je vous maudis!
Car, mon amant parti naguère
N'est pas revenu de la guerre. . . .

H. DE FLEURIGNY.



After dinner, liqueurs and cigarettes are served in this studio, which is large, dignified, and yet has a very livable air. The old Renaissance panelling and mantel were brought from a famous château on the "green Loire"; and the hangings, which are true to the period in design, are dull blue and gold to match the antique finish of the woodwork. The mural decorations of biblical and oriental scenes are by Camille Roche. Three broad steps lead up to a platform which forms a stage for the various guests who contribute their talents to the evening. Madame Pierly, who is the wife of Jean Sapène, editor of "Le Matin," played at the Ambigu in the winter of 1916-17, and is now playing an important part in a piece by Lucien Bager and Willemetz at the Bouffes-Parisiens.

Madame Pierly's "hôtel particulier" in the Rue de Pomereu at Passy, just outside the gates of Paris, is famous for its brilliant gatherings. In the huge studio at the top of the house the charming actress holds her salon, in the true French sense of the word. At her dinners, which are among the most brilliant in Paris nowadays, are gathered the best known stars of the opera and stage, as well as the "hommes du jour" in political, journalistic, and military worlds. Victor Gille often interprets Chopin for the delight of these distinguished guests and it was here that Madame Paule Andral of the Théâtre National de l'Odéon, recited, with piano accompaniment by Victor Gille, de Fleurigny's "L'Amant d'Herika." Among Madame Pierly's guests is the much decorated but very modest chief of the aviation escadrille, "Les Cigognes," of which the heroic and much regretted Guynemer was the chief "ace." The photograph shows Madame Pierly sitting in the small library which opens out from the studio and is furnished in the quiet, dignified, modern English style.

THE STUDIO SALON OF

MADAME JANE PIERLY, OF

THE BOUFFES-PARISIENS



The question of a proper costume for riding to hounds—or to a fox—place one may have in mind at the moment—Mlle. Trèsmoutarde settles in a way which would have horrified grandman.

SPORTS—and the TRADITIONS of the TRÈSMOUTARDES

What Would Grandmamma Trèsmoutarde Say to the Career of Blood And Crime Led by the Modern Sportswoman, and to Those Accessories Before the Fact, the Clothes She Wears in the Name of Sports?

By ROGER BOUTET de MONVEL

Sketches by Benito



This tie is registering in its subtle little black and white way the spirit required by the chequered career of a sportswoman

say a few words about the mother and grandmother of Mademoiselle de Trèsmoutarde, and to compare their manners and customs with those of our heroine.

THE EVEN TENOR OF GRANDMAMMA'S WAY

It is a fact that grandmamma did not care for sports. I did not know this venerable dowager at all, and for a very good reason; but I can picture her in her hotel in the Faubourg Saint Honoré, seated in her great armchair, which she left as seldom as possible, reading the latest speech of His Majesty, or the new poems of Monsieur de Lamartine. Oh, the excellent dame was not to be trifled with, and her existence was that of one who respects the best usages of society. Six months in her château, six months in Paris, a ball at Carnival time, concerts and sermons in Lent, very few theatres, no journeys, and cards continually. I lay stress upon cards, because they constituted, on the whole, her greatest pleasure, and furnished her with a motive for gathering about her the most restricted and unalloyed society. At this period the satisfaction of finding oneself in good society surpassed all others. But I admit that I am digressing, and that the subject of sports is not advancing.

I was saying that grandmamma felt no special inclination for them. It remains to be known, indeed, whether the good lady even suspected that such things existed. There were, to be sure,

certain young idiots, amateurs of racing and horse-breeding, who wrapped themselves in brown cloth coats, cut exactly like those of the trainers at Newmarket, who prided themselves on following the régime of the jockeys in their diet, and who went occasionally to the Bois de Boulogne, a lost deserted spot, to lay the most eccentric wagers among themselves. The dowager Marquise de Trèsmoutarde did not wish to hear, even for men, of such ridiculous diversions, all of at least questionable respectability; and to the end of her days she remained firmly attached to the old customs, her armchair, and her cards.

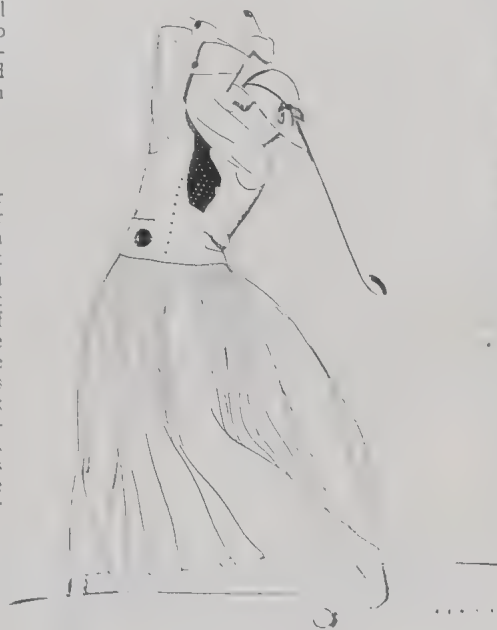
She had a daughter who, like all the young girls of her time, did not fall short in the least

detail of being the best brought up young person in France. I did not know her either, but I can easily picture her as a *petite-maitresse* with the good sisters, in her black dress with the sky-blue ribbon across her breast.

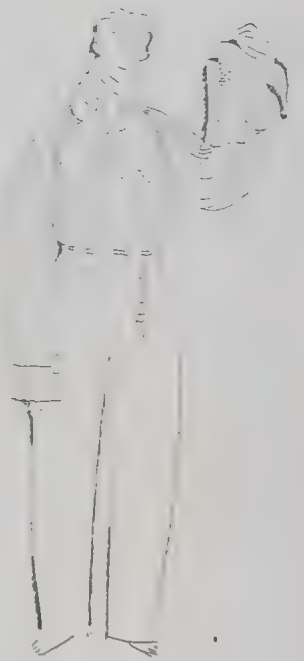
I don't know whether this engaging child loved sports, or if she ever had the chance of finding out what she thought about them. On Sundays, two by two, all in a row, she and her comrades went for a walk along the roads, and during the week, shut up in a court enclosed by four walls, they took their exercises in playing battledore and shuttlecock, skipping the rope, or making a top spin by whipping it furiously. But I am forgetting the most important thing. Every Monday and Friday Monsieur Floridor, the dancing-master, presented himself, arriving in his carriage, wearing his clothes of ceremony, his fingers covered with enormous brilliants, the smallest of which, according to him, was the gift of a queen or a royal princess. As the sole official repository of French elegance, Monsieur Floridor preserved in his memory its precise and perfect elements. He alone was qualified to teach noble deportment, the masterly slowness of the courtesy, the difficult art of walking with one's toes turned out. In default of better, the young Mademoiselle de Trèsmoutarde applied herself with her whole heart to this type of sport and made rapid progress in it.

At length she left the convent and married. From that time on she had a splendid carriage and pair, à la Daumont, with footmen in green plush caps, top-boots, and powdered wigs; and every day, in the midst of a procession of carriages and cavaliers, she drove to the Bois to make the tour of the lake. One might say that this daily drive soon became her principal and favourite

(Continued on page 76)



Mlle. Trèsmoutarde does not count that day lost whose low-descending sun sees a few teeth sacrificed to hockey, or a bone or two (preferably her opponent's) to golf



The dowager, at a dance, smiling with Mlle. Trèsmoutarde, marks out a big game—namely, that of the lady as of her weapon



Ira L. Hill

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER C. KING

In Paris, early in April, Mrs. Jewett Minturn, who was Miss Sarah Jewett Robbins, daughter of Mr. Julian Robbins, became the bride of Lieutenant-Colonel Van Rensselaer C. King, U. S. N. A. Mrs. King has been engaged in Red Cross work in France for the past several months; she is a sister of Mrs. Lydig Hoyt. Lieutenant-Colonel King's sister, Mrs. Charles de Rham, who was Miss Jeanne King, announced her engagement to Lieutenant Charles de Rham, junior, 305th Infantry, U. S. N. A., at the same time that Mrs. Minturn announced hers and has just recently been married.

SEVEN WAYS *to* HELP *the* ALLIES

THE purpose of these paragraphs is to constitute a brief guide to some of the most interesting of the smaller war charities. The list has been compiled because so many lesser war charities are too likely to be overlooked; as the larger ones are more easily remarked; many people would gladly answer these appeals if they only had a clearer knowledge of what they actually are. The causes are all worthy ones, each with a very definite purpose of its own that does not overlap the others. They are not competitive, but co-operative toward the cause that is the chief interest of us all.

The ravages of war are wide spread; this statement is so true and so trite that it has lost its force. An example of what it means, however, is the case of Armenia. This country, one might think, was far enough from the scene of any actual fighting to escape the fate of Belgium and Poland. But the killing of two million Armenians—a peaceful pastoral people, subject to the Turks and not allowed to bear arms—was one of those "necessary war measures" with which Germany, during the last four years, has made the world familiar. Under German orders the Turks have conducted a series of systematic deportations: in a village of ten thousand people, for example, every man has been killed and every woman and child driven out into the desert to starve. One wonders why the Germans did not kill them all—but the time and attention they could spare from Belgium and Poland has, of course, been necessarily limited. Even Germany needs a year or so to murder four million unarmed people. With the thrift and efficiency so characteristic of their culture, the German has wasted few bullets in Armenia—it is more economical to behead all the men of a village or to compel them to dig a trench in which their bodies are buried after they themselves are killed by the bayonet. Armenia is a land of beautiful women; and the women who were the wives and sweethearts of those murdered men received the same treatment that the Germans have accorded the women of other races at their mercy. The old women were clubbed to death: it is rather easy to kill an old woman.

For the survivors who have taken refuge in exile camps or managed to reach Jerusalem, life as a nation is over, for the Armenians never have had any government, but have lived under Turkish rule; family life is over, for there is no Armenian family that has not had its home and its possessions burnt, its mulberry trees cut down, and at least one of its members murdered; life in the sense of existence from day to day, that mere futile being to which we all cling, for some strange reason, is almost over. There is no food for the Armenians, and when there is no food, it is always the children who suffer most. In Lebanon alone one thousand children die of starvation every day.

Every cent of money given to the Armenian and Syrian War Relief is cabled direct to Armenia—for cables can not be sunk—the food is bought there and is distributed personally by the Armenian Relief Administrators. Cheques should be sent to Cleveland H. Dodge, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York. You can know, wherever you live, that twenty-four hours after sending your money, it will be saving lives in Armenia.

Perhaps a slight idea of the appalling hunger of the children may be gained from one incident told by Ambassador Elkus. A little boy brought into one of the hospitals continually cried and begged for bread, but he could not be given solid food in his condition. When the physician explained this to him he replied that he didn't want to eat the bread, he just wanted to put it under his pillow so he could

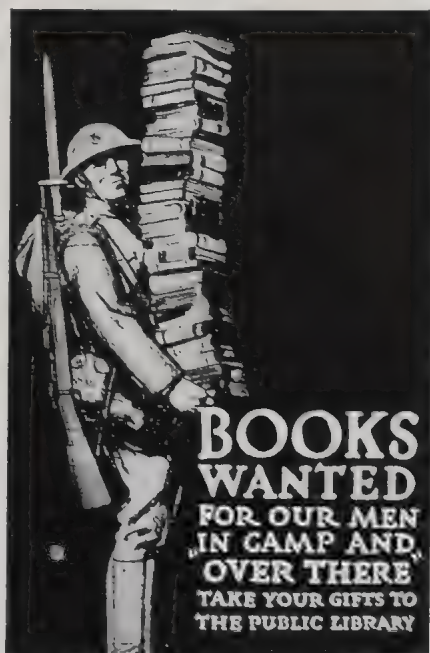
feel that food was near. Even a little would satisfy him. Is it nothing to you all you who pass by?

A CHARITY FOR INDIVIDUAL CASES

A war charity that is little known, but that is doing a very special work, is the Mayfair War Relief, which is located at 135 East Fifty-sixth Street, in New York, and at 77 Rue de la Boétie, in Paris. This organization was started during the early part of the war by a group of people whose friends and relatives in France wrote of the many pitiful needs of those about them. So urgent were these needs and so pathetic the stories of deprivation, that the recipients of the letters at once began to help those whose misfortunes had been brought to their attention. This was the beginning of a new war charity which differed from almost any other in the fact that its work was largely personal and its gifts went to special individuals or to small hospitals whose particular needs were known. The name came from the fact that, until the organization acquired its present home on Fifty-sixth Street, all packages of clothing and other donations to be sent to France were left at the Mayfair Shop on Fifth Avenue.

Until recently the Mayfair War Relief has been supported by its own members and their friends, but the various branches of its work have grown to such proportions that the committee of seventy feels that the time has come to ask help of the public. One department—that which sends boxes of food to prisoners in Germany—has an especial appeal just now when many of our own American boys are in the dreaded German camps. It is a comfort to know that the packages of food and other comforts are actually received by the prisoners. These packages, which contain a variety of groceries and other comforts, are generally purchased and sent by an experienced buyer in France. Any money which is donated for this purpose will be sent directly to France without deductions of any kind.

The Mayfair War Relief works in co-operation with a committee in Paris which keeps them in touch with particularly urgent cases and which also distributes whatever is sent from this side. In addition to the packages for prisoners, they give food and clothing to French and Belgian refugees and to French hospitals and, in fact, send comforts kits to friendless prisoners and make a large number of surgical dressings for small and needy French hospitals in the vicinity of Paris. These dressings are made to fill particular needs and are sent directly to the hospital which has asked for them. Through the "Boy Comrade" department, a branch of the charity under the direction of Miss Constance Delaney, over twenty-five hundred boys in this country correspond regularly with soldiers at the front. The soldiers are recommended by their officers as "boy soldiers" in need of cheer and personal interest, and the appreciation which they have shown has more than justified the enormous amount of translation and clerical work which Miss Delaney and her assistants are doing. The Mayfair War Relief makes its shipments under the care and at the expense of the French Government, and they report that, up to date, everything which they have sent, including surgical dressings, clothing, groceries, and money, has been received without loss or damage. They will be glad to receive donations and will see that they are used for whatever purpose is designated. Cheques should be sent to Mrs. John H. Holden, the President of the organization, care of the Mayfair (Continued on page 74)



One of the finest posters of the war is by Charles B. Falls, soliciting books

THE COLLEGE WOMEN'S PLATTSBURG

SHE has earnest eyes, sorrowful eyes that follow one, this nurse with the soft white head-dress and the big red cross. Behind her, a file of bright girls in cap and gown go by against grey buildings, their arms full of books. They have looked at life, but not lived it. She has looked, and lived, and dared to look again. Under her picture is written, "The College Women of Plattsburgh." She is the spirit of the Vassar Training Camp for Nurses, and her spirit has been made into its official poster. The idea behind her grew slowly. A year ago, the Vassar Provisional Alumnae Council saw the background, their wonderful old college. They wanted to offer it to the Government this summer as a training-school for young women for patriotic service. But what kind of service? In the emergency, the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race took the road of least resistance in the usual form of a committee—two men, and Mrs. John Wood Blodgett as chairman.

A CONSCIENTIOUS CHAIRMAN

Mrs. Blodgett, who is well known in Washington and New York, is the sort of woman who wears a chairmanship very seriously. Once upon a time she built a hospital given by her husband to the city of Grand Rapids. She took six years about it, studying everything that could go into a hospital, from the corner-stone upward.

"When she came to the question of elevators," said a friend of Mrs. Blodgett's, "she sent for an out-of-town expert. When he went away, he declared he'd met a woman who knew more about elevators than he did. No, she wasn't born with a mechanical mind; she'd just studied the subject."

The question of where to insert Vassar in the Allied support trenches couldn't wait six years. But Mrs. Blodgett gave it six serious months. Vassar's contribution should be something so fundamental that it should be good for a war-torn world and equally good for that which would succeed to it. It should be something not only beneficial for the country, but equally beneficial for the woman who served the country. Mrs. Blodgett read, she travelled, she went to meetings; but, after all, it was a chance speaker at a National Defense gathering at Carnegie Hall who finally painted the Red Cross nurse into the foreground of her mental poster. He spoke about the withdrawal of doctors, the withdrawal of nurses, the vast increase of civilian need due to the war. Miss Julia Lathrop, director of the National Children's Bureau, the only woman bureau head that Washington has appointed, and also a Vassar graduate, had recently appealed to the country to save one hundred thousand extra babies this year to help make up the wastage of the war. Mrs. Blodgett's own state of Michigan had been asked to save two thousand eight hundred and eight in excess of last year. But with fewer doctors, and fewer nurses—

THE NEED OF NURSES

"Oh, I saw it all then, though I didn't know how big it was!" Mrs. Blodgett said. In January of this year her committee brought in the following report:

"That it is the unanimous opinion of this committee that the fundamental need at

A Summer Training School for Nurses,
Limited to College Graduates, Has
Been Instituted at Vassar College



Aimé Dupont

Mrs. John Wood Blodgett, chairman of the committee which recommended that Vassar should enlist in the ranks of war workers

the present moment for women is in the department of nursing; that the country is facing a serious shortage of professional trained women, which will become more acute as the war goes on; that if a skilled service is to be available for the care of the wounded abroad, as well as the

sick at home, the necessary supply of trained nurses must be greatly increased. Our committee would therefore recommend that such buildings at Vassar as may later be designated, be given over to a summer school for intensive theoretical training of hospital nurses and limited to college graduates, who shall be recruited from all the colleges recognized by the A. C. A., beginning with the graduates of 1918 and extending back ten years."

It was a big thing, a colossal thing. College women had not been interested in nursing to any large extent, partly on account of the three-year training, not a day of which had ever been deleted because of previous academic preparation. To ask them to enter on such a long course now—a course headed for peace though set by way of war—with all the exciting France-ward avenues of immediate war work open; to sign up the necessary round thousand out of which to pick the five hundred that Vassar could accommodate—for if one-third of the men who volunteered for the Army were rejected as unfit, the proportion would be greater among women—to so present the work to the Government, the Council for National Defense, the Red Cross, the Hospitals, the nursing and medical professions, as to win the necessary educational and financial support and follow-up—no wonder the Vassar Alumnae quailed before the earnest eyes of this super-nurse that their own committee had evoked. But, thank Heaven, Vassar has the fighting traditions of a pioneer college.

COOPERATION FROM ALL QUARTERS

The Committee on Nursing of the Council of National Defense was approached, and they approved the scheme. So did the Red Cross, with a postscript of seventy-five thousand dollars toward maintenance. Hadn't they already provided seven thousand nurses, and hadn't General Gorgas retorted by demanding thirty thousand, five thousand more of them to be in uniform before June of this year? And where were they all to come from, with ninety thousand as the maximum estimate of registered nurses in America? And if they all did come, what was to happen to the civilian population, unless something like this new Plattsburg should draw recruits to the ranks from other professions.

The National League of Nursing Education appointed a committee to cooperate with the Vassar Training Camp Faculty on the side of practical nursing. Hospitals all over the country agreed to allow the proposed summer course to stand as a year's work when the pupil-nurses came to them after their three months at Vassar. And then the Alumnae started out to tell little Mary Jane Graduate about her unparalleled chance to serve her day and generation. Nothing had been forgotten but a Committee on Uniforms that up to date has never been appointed. This omission by the way, strikes one as extremely significant. Any woman not carried away bodily by altruistic sentiments would have planned her uniform first.

The new "battle-line for women" propaganda has been successfully carried into one hundred and fifty colleges, and Dean Mills of the Training Camp has sent out two thousand appli-



The cost of a three months' course in this intensive training-camp is ninety-five dollars, and many scholarships have already been given by women, themselves past their first youth, who are eager to serve by proxy

(Continued on page 77)



Kazantian

Miss Amy Bradish Johnson, daughter of Mrs. William Graves Bates, was married on April 21, in the chapel of Saint George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, to Lieutenant Herbert Groesbeck, junior, U. S. R., son of Mr. Herbert Groesbeck. This picture was taken when the bride was a bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Marie Gaillard Johnson, to Lieutenant William Hamilton Russell, U.S.A. Mrs. Groesbeck's stepfather, Colonel William G. Bates, is at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg.



By Selby, from Cooperative Press

On April 13, in Zion Episcopal Church, Dobbs Ferry, New York, Miss Phyllis W. Brown, daughter of Colonel Franklin G. Brown, was married to Lieutenant Leigh Hill French, junior, of the Ordnance Department, son of Commander Leigh Hill French, who is a naval attaché at the American Embassy in Paris. The bride was attended by her sisters, Mrs. John Hoar, of Boston, and Miss Sylvia E. Brown, and her cousin, Miss E. Margaret Eldredge. She wore a gown of ivory satin with old lace and her mother's wedding-veil of Brussels net held by a becoming Russian crown of point-lace and orange blossoms.

THE WEDDINGS OF
THESE NEW YORK
BRIDES SHOW THE
TOUCH OF SPRING



© International Film Service, Inc

Ira L. Hall

Miss Katherine C. Culver, daughter of Mrs. Charles P. King, was married April 13, in the chancel of Saint Thomas's Church, to Mr. Rodney Williams, U.S.N., R.F., son of Mr. George C. Williams, of Baltimore, Maryland. The wedding-gown was of white satin with point-lace, and the veil of tulle held by a coronet of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was a lovely arrangement of white orchids. Miss Katherine E. Morris, daughter of Dr. Lewis R. Morris, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Marion Townsend, Mrs. J. Thos. Murdis, Miss Eleanor Darlington, and Miss Dorothy Willard.

Miss Margaret Falmes, daughter of Mrs. George Falmes, was married to Mr. Stanislaus Stokes, junior, U. S. N. R. F., on April 3, in the chancel of Saint Peter and Paul, Washington, D. C. Her wedding-gown and veil suggested the mayen day, and little boys formed a picturesque tableau by holding long wands topped by Easter lilies.



Photographs by McCaul and Dickson

Miss Peggy Phipps is the daughter of Captain John S. Phipps and the sister of the young man at the upper right. Her mother was, before her marriage, Miss Margarita C. Grace, the daughter of Mr. Michael P. Grace. Miss Peggy accompanied her three brothers to Palm Beach this winter to visit her grandfather at Surf Cottage.



Master Michael Phipps is the son of Captain John S. Phipps, of Westbury, Long Island, who has been stationed at Fort Worth, Texas. Master Michael, with his small sister and two brothers, has been at Palm Beach, this winter, visiting his grandfather, Mr. Michael P. Grace.

Misses May, Angelica, and Janet Weldon are the daughters of Captain Samuel A. Weldon of the 30th Field Artillery, U. S. A., and they are reasons enough for his wanting to make the world a safe and pleasant place to grow up in. Their mother was, before her marriage, Miss Julia M. Hoyt, sister of Lieutenant Lydig Hoyt.



EACH OF THESE SMALL PATRIOTIC

PEOPLE HAS LOANED A PARENT

TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

THERE is a point of absolute intensity beyond which sensations that differ utterly in origin become indistinguishable from each other. This fact has been established by a familiar experiment in physiological psychology. Within ordinary limits, it is easy enough to feel the difference between heat and cold; but, if a man be blindfolded and if his back be pricked in quick succession with a red-hot needle and with a needle-point of ice, he will be unable to distinguish between the two impressions. Similarly, in the more exalted region of æsthetics, there is also a point of absolute intensity beyond which all emotions, regardless of their origin, produce upon the spirit an effect of beauty.

Oscar Wilde, in all his works, was a deliberate and conscious craftsman; and, in "Salomé," he attempted the psychological experiment of producing an effect of beauty by intensifying an emotion that in itself is inconsistent with our ordinary notions of the beautiful. As a student and experimenter in the realm of theoretical æsthetics, Wilde was always singularly sane. He understood, of course, that the most revolting of all reactions is the response of the normal human being to the emotion of horror; but it occurred to him, also, that if horror were sufficiently augmented, it might cease to seem disgusting and might assume a virtue that is commonly accorded to many less intense emotions of another kind. In answer to this philosophical intention, the author set himself the task of composing a piece in which horror should be piled on horror's head until the finally accumulated monument should take the moonbeams as a thing serenely and superbly beautiful. This, according to my under-

New Yorkers See Wilde and Shakspeare Revived, to Say Nothing of Recent Importations from France, Austria, and England

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



that had been chosen previously, for the same æsthetic reasons, by the Belgian Maurice Maeterlinck; and, indeed, it is obvious enough that Wilde owed much to Maeterlinck in "Salomé." In particular, he took over from his predecessor the expedient of repeating words and phrases, until this repetition should lull and drowse the auditor into a state of autohypnotism in which any pointed impression would register an effect that would be accepted as indefinitely beautiful. The danger of this expedient is, of course, that, if it fails, it is liable to throw the audience into titters of antithetic merriment, because the emotion of humour is scarcely distinguishable from the emotion of beauty when feeling has been lifted arbitrarily to a level that is unforeseen. Wilde, of course, was sufficiently a satirist to scent this danger; and this may be regarded as another reason why he chose to write his tragedy of "Salomé" in the language of Maeterlinck—a medium effectively immune from light-hearted and unsympathetic sallies of his fellow-countrymen. Also, he composed the play as a vehicle for Sarah Bernhardt and thus insured himself in advance against the danger of a hostile audience.

In foreseeing and in solving these minor incidental problems, Oscar Wilde was no less clever than in conquering his central difficulty of proving to the world the theoretical æsthetic proposition that the most repulsive sort of horror would seem beautiful if only it could be made to seem sufficiently intensified. Though "Salomé" was written a quarter of a century ago, it must still be accepted and admired as a monument of dramatic craftsmanship.

(Continued on page 68)



Arnold Genthe

Weber and Fields are appearing together in "Back Again." The Dolly Sisters are with them, in their own inimitable "Guess Again"

White

"Once Upon a Time" is a most delightful Rachel Crother story, the principal characters are Bonnie Marie, the young lady with the Dutch cut, and Chauncey Olcott, a cracked old bachelor with four songs and many charms

standing, was the goal that Oscar Wilde was aiming at with "Salomé."

Maeterlinck had proved already, with "La Mort de Tintagiles," that the emotion of terror might be intensified to a point beyond which it would become indistinguishable from the more abstract emotion of the vaguely tragic. But terror is to horror as the soul is to the body; and it is far less difficult to raise to the nth power an abstract sense of fear than a concrete sense of physical repulsion. This latter task was attempted by Oscar Wilde in "Salomé." Actuated by that careful niceness which always guided him in his æsthetic decisions, Wilde wrote the play in the French language and refused until his very death to translate it into English. (The current English version of the text was paraphrased from the original French by Lord Alfred Douglas.) The medium of the clearest-minded critics in the modern world was picked out as the only proper vehicle for this adventurous incursion into a domain of metaphysics that had scarcely ever been explored in English art.

IN NEAT AND SIMPLE FRENCH

This neat and simple language, selected by the Irish Oscar Wilde, was the same language



Arnold Genthe

She isn't listening to the music of the spheres. She's just on tiptoe waiting for you to say, "Er—now is this Rozsika or is it Yansci Dolly?"

José Ruben came over with Sarah Bernhardt, supported Mrs. Fiske in "Mme. Sand" as Alfred de Musset, and has just finished playing Romeo to Laurette Taylor's Juliet. He has the distinction of speaking English more beautifully than most Americans, although he is really a Frenchman



The Washington Square Players have a reputation for rushing in where the Police Department fears to tread. Mme. Yorska is similarly daring in risking "Salomé" for which neither her English nor her dancing have fitted her. Walter Hampden, Louis Calvert, Gareth Hughes, Rollo Peters, and Helen Westley make up the rest of a capable cast

Charlotte Walker comes back to Broadway in "Nathan Lee," again with Eugene Walker and H. Criswell. While both on the line of "The Eastern Wind." The sentimental happy ending will, no doubt, be met with the same success. But, as the play is longer than most, its character is not so much a matter of



White

Margaret J. Condon has been playing Calpurnia in "Julius Caesar" at the Washington Square Players. She is also in "M. F. M." and "The Queen of Hearts" in a successful Shakespeare repertoire.





MAURICE GOLDBERG

MME. YORSKA AS SALOMÉ

*The Heroine of Oscar Wilde's Sinister Tragedy, Which Has Recently
Been Produced With Success by the Washington Square Players*

If I Were A Movie Manager

A Few of the Startling Changes and Revolutions I Would Incite

By DOROTHY PARKER

I DON'T know how I get these morbid cravings, but I sometimes feel a strange, wild longing surging restlessly within me. I want to be a moving picture manager. I yearn to produce movies—to tell the actors in them what to do, and how not to do it. To me, it seems the only life.

I don't know any of the seamy side of it, of course: any of the snares and pitfalls that lie in wait for the straying feet of innocent movie magnates. But even the thought of these dangers cannot head me off. I want to try out the life. I have the utmost faith in myself—a firm, a deep-rooted conviction that, as a film dictator, I would unquestionably be There.

The point is that I should be something entirely NEW. I don't like to talk about myself—as the saying goes—but I simply can't help remarking that I would bring a touch of novelty into the life of the screen. I would begin radically, and treat all the established precedents in the way the playful little Huns have been treating churches.

I wouldn't go right on doing things just as they used to be done in the dear old days of the biograph.

I might be over-daring, and all that, but I certainly could do things in a non-Keystone way. When I tell you that—were I a moving picture manager—I would feel that a successful comedy did not necessarily depend on knocking down a battalion of trick policemen, and then setting them up again. You must begin to see that my ideas would completely revolutionize the motion picture world.

BUT I would institute even more startling changes. When engaging a leading lady, for instance, I would write a clause in her contract saying that she must choose between me and high white shoes—once and forever.

I would speak a few well-chosen words to her, then and there, on the subject of garments. I would intimate that, contrary to the prevailing impression, the rôle of a débutante daughter of one of the oldest and richest families in New York society is not necessarily indicated by the wearing of a set of soiled white fox furs.

I would go still further, and explain, as gently as possible, that it is not always imperative for a lady's coiffure to look as if it had been arranged with a knife and fork. If, by that time, the would-be leading lady had not swept disdainfully out of my employ, I would even venture to suggest that it really isn't immodest for a woman to be seen—on occasions—without her wrist-watch.

Most moving picture stars have evidently sworn an awful oath never to be parted from their wrist-watches.

They wear them incessantly, even though playing in one of those pictures supposed to take place in the early B. C.'s, like "The Triumph of Ptolemy," for instance. They wear them with evening gowns and with night-gowns; they even wear them in those bright, infrequent flashes that show them, for an all-too-brief second, as they are about to remove the chiffon that stands between them and the personal bath.



A Tip to Tenors

BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

With Decorations by Hogarth, Jr.

I HEARD you sing,—dear Golden-throat!
And every note
Set my imprisoned dreams afloat.
Your vocal grace
Brought down the house—and blushes to my face.
"Fly, little letter,—fly apace!"

And then I met you,—and the note
You wrote
Went straight to protest, in my husband's coat.
"Fly, little letter . . . very fly,"
He said,—
Bringing the house down on my guilty head.
Nor may I now pursue, along Broadway
The even tenor of my matinée.



As for the leading men, I would be even more vehement on this question of clothes. I would restrain them, forcibly if necessary, from wearing the unmentionable things they now wear—those coats which look as if the hangers were still in the shoulders, those overcoats with the girdles, those collars that look as if the wearer were all ready for the guillotine. Any leading man who attempted to wear one of those fuzzy Byron hats in the presence of my camera would spend his next few days in an exhaustive study of the pages of advertisements headed "Help Wanted—Male."

In sports, too, I would bring about tremendous changes. In tennis scenes, I would try to instill into the heads of the participants that the racquet is not grasped over the maker's name. I might even venture to hint that ladies and gentlemen, in scenes showing their prowess on the courts, might abstain from French heel slippers—and spats. Golf is seldom shown—there's not enough action in it for the voracious action-hounds who form the audiences of moving pictures. If, however, it is necessary for the hero to take a swat at a golf ball, just to show his virility and versatility, I would see that the swat was administered with the right hand lower on the shaft of the club than the left.

Haven't you often seen those animated scenes on the porch of the property country club, representing life in the very smartest set? All the supes are called into requisition to play the rôles of the gay and happy golfers, tennisers, riders, and automobilists, and they appear in what is supposed to be the correct costumes for these diversions. Have you ever noticed those costumes—particularly the riding habits? I should certainly take steps about those habits. If I couldn't do it any other way, I wouldn't say that the scene was a country club, I would call it, quite simply, a masquerade.

THE interior decorations of the moving picture homes would be another wide field for my activities. Somehow, I have never seemed to feel that a man's wealth was measured by the number of articles that could be jammed into his domicile; if the scenario called for a setting showing the library of a multi-millionaire, I wouldn't feel that I would have to do all that lay in my power to make it look like a cross section of Silo's auction rooms. I would keep as far away from plush as possible; and I would have nothing whatever to do with those elaborate wooden grilles without which no doorway in the movies can be considered complete. I would try not to become involved in any of those curtains of synthetic lace with which movie win- (Continued on page 79)

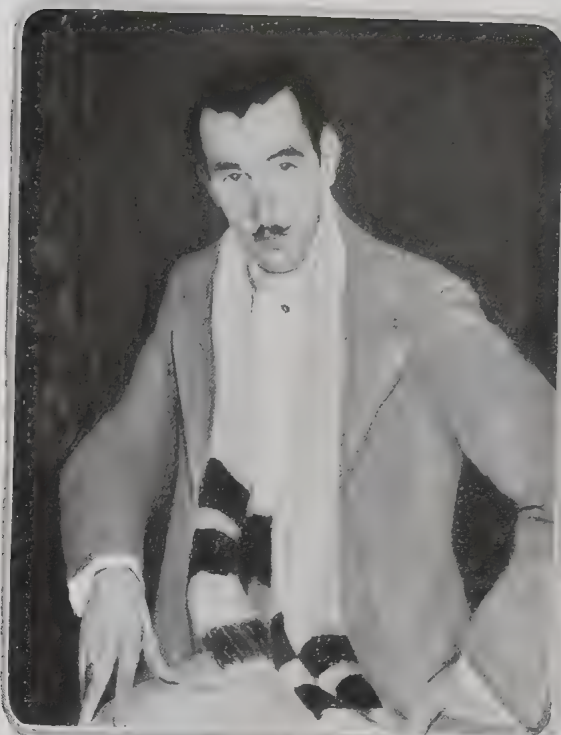


Catching Drapery in Motion

Is the Prime Essential in the Difficult Art of Photographing a Dancer

OF all the problems which confront the modern master of the camera, the most elusive, and at the same time the most compelling and beguiling, is that of photographing a dancer in motion. Every artist of the lens has at one time or another essayed the problem. Few of them have succeeded in mastering so much as the first rudiments of it. A beautiful arrangement of drapery, figure, and background, is very easy of accomplishment once you take time to pose the dancer in a fixed and immovable attitude. But as soon as one lets the dancer

move about, as freely and naturally as she habitually does while dancing, the problem becomes well nigh insurmountable. Arnold Genthe—who caught these whirling figures as they flashed by his camera—has paid as much attention to this problem of physical rhythm as any photographer alive. In the plates shown on this page he has striven to catch the fugitive charm of rhythmic motion in his subjects; to avoid everything like formal or studied poses. "Let the results come easily, unexpectedly," he says, "just as they do when the subjects are dancing"



"Portrait of N. R. M." by Helen McClain won the National Arts Club Prize at the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors' exhibition

THE contention that a jury of selection serves often as a mere hindrance to the artist and that after all in the final analysis it is the public which is the judge, was again put to the test by the Society of Independent Artists in their annual exhibition. So far did their note of independence lead them that it was their plan to hold the exhibition in a huge tent erected for that purpose, a plan which eventually was modified and resulted in their selection of the large ground floor space at 110 West Forty-second Street. If the public was to be a fair judge of each artist's work, it must have been a keen and untiring public to have seen and weighed fairly each of the twelve hundred exhibits which were sent in and hung. It was not only a question of numbers, but of the greatest variety of subject, conception, and method. That the hanging as well as the selection might be equally fair to all, works were arranged in groups according to the initial letter of the artist's name, the letter for the first room being chosen by lot and this year falling to V.

Both to the public and to the artist the exhibition must have been of an educational as well as an artistic interest as showing side by side the most conservative work and the most ultra modern, a comparison which should have proved valuable if not always flattering to both. Through all stages, from quiet grey landscape and conventional portraiture, through brilliant modernist canvases of cubistic design, contorted nudes, decorative designs, canvases set with real stones or metal relief, to a whole picture carved

By MARION
E. FENTON



"Bulby," by Frederick Victor Guinzburg

Peter A. Juley



Portraits by Elizabeth Curtis on exhibition in May at the Art League Gallery were unusually decorative, as witness the "Feminine Costume"

in relief in which the buildings may be artistically inclined at will, and also through sculpture that was portraiture and other sculpture that was contented, the judging public was endeared.

Among the landscapes of more quietude was a bit of lovely colour of sea and sand by Arthur W. Dow, who has found such beauty of colour along the New England Coast. A "Cape Cod Way, October" in fresh atmosphere and light tone was by Frederick K. Dornier, and by Ernest Roth was a quiet pleasing canvas, "The Brook." Yet that landscape may be

Let "Behold our God," by Dorothy Pullis Loring was an interesting canvas as was "The Society of Independent Artists"

modernist as to pattern with colour in a thin flat wash inside the outlines of the form, and yet be beautiful as such, was demonstrated by Leon Kroll in "Through the Hills." Of the innumerable figures and portraits and groups were such Japanese bits as the grey background of "Charitable Heart," painted with swift brush strokes by James Chapin, a vivid brilliant child head by Randall Davey who has just been shown to us as the painter of the Cuban woman, and the fresh "Top of the Hill" by David Robinson.

The true value of such an exhibition lies in its ability to give a fair showing to artists whose works are worthy of a place before the public but who have found their showing difficult, though it is undoubtedly true that any art work of real merit will eventually make a place for itself, even though it be not aided to a more speedy recognition by the Society of Independent Artists.

The twenty-seventh annual exhibition
(Continued on page 78)



(Above) "An Afternoon, 1869" was a composition of jewel-like bits of colour against green foliage, by Jessie Van Fleet



De Witt C. Ward



Woman

Carved in Heroic Proportion by George Grey Barnard

SINCE the shipment to Europe of his admirably conceived figure of Lincoln, Mr. Barnard has occupied much of his time in completing this impressive statue, which he has called "Woman." The figure, though photographed here from the plaster, has at last been translated into marble. In its marble state it has been acquired by Mr. John D. Rockefeller for his estate at Pocantico

Hills. The sculpture is almost twice life size. This (plaster) state of it is now on view at the Metropolitan Museum, where it has aroused as much comment and admiration as it did when shown at the Allied Sculptors' exhibition, at the Ritz. Mr. Barnard has also, at last completed his colossal head of Lincoln—not to be confused with the Lincoln figures destined for Paris and London

Reminiscences of Auguste Rodin

Memories of the Man and the Artist

By STEPHEN HAWEIS

IF I ever live long enough (which Allah avert!) for my reminiscences to be a subject of general curiosity, the thing that will count most in their favor is that I knew Auguste Rodin.

Many men may write of Rodin's Art; explaining, labelling, disputing, comparing; but he has said the last word about himself in deathless stone and bronze, the word that is polite to adulation, indulgent to abuse. He proclaims himself the culminator of one era of sculpture, the inspirer, and nearly the author of another. He was the father of the various schools which are lumped together under the title of Modern Art.

Few men ever did as much work as Rodin in any walk of life—judged by actual quantity. As a craftsman, few can pretend to rival him in the quality of his work. Since the Greeks no one has ever finished a marble as he could finish it, and his bronzes seem to be moulded with his own hands, so much are they of himself.

Sculptors will tell you that he was no sculptor, meaning that he lacked, to some extent, the monumental sense that the Egyptians possessed in so marvellous a degree. Sculptors will say, scornfully: "Compare him with Michelangelo!" tacitly admitting perhaps that to none other save the greatest since Phidias can he be compared.

But lovers of Rodin's art can compare him with Michelangelo without detriment to either master, for they say: "Michelangelo invented and created a race of Gods, a Dante in stone, while Rodin moved among men with the music and fluency of a Swinburne but with the thought of a Whitman. Their problems were not the same. Rodin never sought "behind the heavens" for a motive. He was a Nature worshipper; he loved the beauty of "La Pensee" and the ugliness of "The Man With a Broken Nose" with an equal love. He knew that the body and the soul were one; he knew that they were one with all that has life, and if that One were not God, he knew no other.

"Je ne suis pas un marchand," he once said to me, "je ne vends jamais rien!" Here in my studio is all my work, it is *one thing*. Nothing ever left his hands but that he had a copy, and this great life's work in its entirety is now the property of the French nation.

IT was in the days when Edouard Steichen showed the world what could be done with the gum-bichromate process in photography that I began to tinker with a cheap camera in an amateurish sort of way. I wasted much good material, but some of my best results were shown to Rodin, who, the friend of all photographers, at once invited me to work for him. I soon found that what he required was not technical photography—he could get all he wanted of *that*—what he required and loved were the wild experiments I delighted to make. Very often my worst failures met with his warmest praise. "C'est encore mieux que Steichen," he once said delightedly of a mixed



AUGUSTE RODIN

From a portrait by Alvin Langdon Coburn made at Meudon—shortly before the great sculptor's death

bunch of prints, and "mieux que Steichen" became the slogan for any particularly unlooked-for result.

Photographic interpretations of his work, good, bad and indifferent, stimulated his imagination and he never tired of them.

For his own portrait he could stand like a rock, any time, anywhere, in any garb. He would supply the conditions and one had to make the best of them. The exposure was never too long for him. The best portrait I made of him was from a peculiarly bad negative taken in his dressing gown against the rising sun, as he stood in the field behind the Villa des Brillants at Meudon. He wore, I remember, a huge pair of sabots to protect him from the dew.

RODIN'S home at Meudon was a strange household. The vast studio, moved entire from the Avenue d'Antin after the Exposition of 1900, was his real home. Beside it there stood apologetically, a small house which was never furnished. Dozens of pictures given him by distinguished artist friends all over the world stood round the walls, on the floor with their faces to the wall, among which were many indifferent works purchased by himself—often from the despised Salon des Indépendants.

One, I recollect, moved me to mirth by its frank incompetence, but Rodin saw something worthy in it. "There is force," he said, "there is a striving—*il y a quelque chose*." And he had bought it for the striving in it.

Every room in the house was alike—open,

bare, austere. A few pieces of fine furniture, some Greek vases and Etruscan fragments, a half assembled four poster bed without a mattress, beneath which drawings by Puvis de Chavannes and lithographs by Whistler rubbed corners with Meryon's etchings and Conder's painted silks.

Only in his bedroom was there a mite less confusion. Two paintings by his lifelong friends, Carrière and Monet, hung on the wall; a simple bed, beside which, upon a little table, stood a volume of Richer's "Human Anatomy," and a candle, light reading—if he happened to waken in the night! I believe it was almost the only book he ever read.

FEW ever came into contact with Madame Rosa, his wife. In her youth she was the original of the "Bellona" and many another lovely head. She presided over the kitchen, where she prepared the bowl of bread and milk he took for his *petit déjeuner* as regularly as the sun rose. It is said that many a great lady coveted the title of Madame Rodin, but, three weeks before her death, Rodin married Rosa, the devoted companion of his life, one instance at least of a "union libre" which was no failure.

Once, over the dinner table in the garden, when we were discussing the poverty of art students Rodin remarked that when artists had no money they had to live on their wives—"Hein? n'est-ce pas, Rosa? We've all done it. In the old days she used to do sewing—" "Tais toi, donc, Auguste!" said the old lady hurriedly, pink with embarrassment and—perhaps—joy, as she hurried away from the table to fetch the potatoes, done, as she explained, just in the way the maître liked them best.

He had then lately returned from England where he had been fêted by Duchesses and where the Academy students had taken the horse from his carriage and dragged the carriage themselves. "Ah, c'était la folle fête!" And he had tasted the Lord Mayor of London's famous turtle soup. He didn't know what it was made of, exactly, but when I told him he suggested that Madame Rosa should buy some tortoises which he had seen on sale in the streets of Paris. I think he was a little sorry to hear they wouldn't quite do.

ONE day Rodin showed me the entire set of drawings that he made for Octave Mirbeau's "Jardin des Supplices," and, pleased I think by my ignorant enthusiasm for certain of them, took me up into the attic to search for some of the originals that he meant to give me. He couldn't find them; alas, but I came upon a heap of old canvases there of which he feebly professed to be ashamed, though I think he loved them dearly.

He tried his hand at painting landscapes a little, in Belgium, in the long ago days when he worked as "ghost" for Constantin Meunier. I believe I am one of the very few people who ever heard him talk of these attempts. I wonder where they are now.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE COMES INTO THE GARDEN

NOW that American life has definitely passed its urban phase and a country home, be it week-end cottage or estate, has come to be one of the necessities of existence, the problems of exterior decoration have attained to a position of no less importance than that accorded to matters of interior furnishings. Even though it be small, the garden is now the subject of thoughtful consultations with the landscape architects, and there is careful plotting of paths and planting and pools, of vistas and colour schemes. And as every room must have its focal note to which the whole scheme of decoration is played up, so each definite division of the garden must have its centre of interest, and it is at this point that the sculptor enters the garden. The bird-bath, the group of the fountain pool, the sun-dial, the figure that completes the climax of the vista, all these and many other perfecting touches are the work of his hand.

EARLY GARDEN ORNAMENTS

In matters of gardening, all roads lead from Rome, and our earliest gardens, of course, followed the classic Italian models or their French or English derivatives, even as our interior decoration followed period styles. To this classic garden, the marble nymph, the dancing faun, and the cupid and dolphin fountain figure were as essential as were the old masters and the console tables to the interior furnishings, and their reign has proved even more lasting. In all this there was little encouragement for the American sculptor, who saw potential patrons choosing rather to pay thousands of dollars for some antique marble or hundreds for a mere uninspired copy of some famous statue, rather than to trust the interpretation of the spirit of the garden to that prophet-in-his-own-country, the American sculptor.

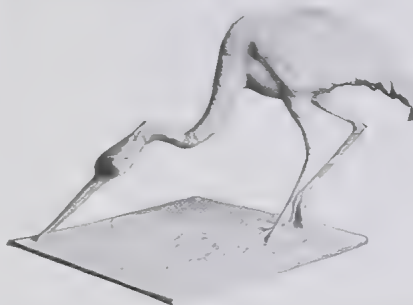
Originality, however, could not be permanently barred from either house or garden. Familiarity with the weathered marble Venus and the time-worn Neptune fountain figure bred at least indifference to their classic calm, and makers of gardens began to apply to garden sculpture that Arab proverb which asserts that "the fruit of the land should be eaten on the soil on which it grows and beneath the sun which ripened it." Differences of light and setting, alone, may give to a piece of sculpture an effect which it was

A New and Promising American School Of Garden Sculpture Has Developed

By RUTH de ROCHEMONT



The classic "child with dolphin" is replaced here by Emilio Angelini's "Boy and the Goose"



The bird motif which is so frequent in garden sculpture has been put to practical use in this suggested by Lucy Currier Richards

never intended to produce, and great is the difference between the spirit of antique marbles and the spirit of the modern garden.

This change in garden decoration has brought an opportunity of which the American sculptor has not been slow to avail himself, and recent years have seen the development of an exceptionally promising "school" of garden sculpture which includes many artists of both originality and ability. Under the influence of these artists, American gardens are abandoning reminiscence for a more vital interpretation of modern life and ideals. The exotic bacchante is replaced by such figures as Edward McCarten's "Spirit of the Woods," shown in the March 15 issue of Vogue for 1916, a figure breathing that fresh joy in the outdoor world which is characteristic of American art and life. Rudolph Evan's "The Golden Hour" in the Van derlip gardens is similarly a human document of our own time and country, and recently in the gardens of "Viscaya," the Deering estate at Miami, A. Stirling Calder showed what a typically modern thing may be made of the terminal figure so long solidified in classic mold. Two of these figures served as outposts at the latest exhibition of the Architectural League and were both unexpected and effective. One of them was reproduced in the issue of Vogue for March 15 on page 56. Paul Manship and Sherry Fry express a modern spirit despite their determinedly archaistic technique, and Janet Scudder has developed a whole series of engagingly modern child figures for fountain pools. Emilio Angelini's "Boy with the Goose," which is illustrated in the upper middle on this page and is kindred in name only with the familiar boy and goose of Hellenistic art, is vital with the spirit of to-day, a vivid modelling of a thing actually seen.

THE QUESTION OF MATERIALS

In these modern garden figures, marble does not enjoy the preeminence which it attained among antiques by reason of the fact that bronze statues could be, and very frequently were, melted for the value of the metal which composed them. Marble being more plentiful and less useful, marble statues survived in misleading numbers. The modern sculptor is an enthusiast for bronze.



Successors to the nymph and the bacchante are these figures on a sun-dial by Harriet Frishmuth



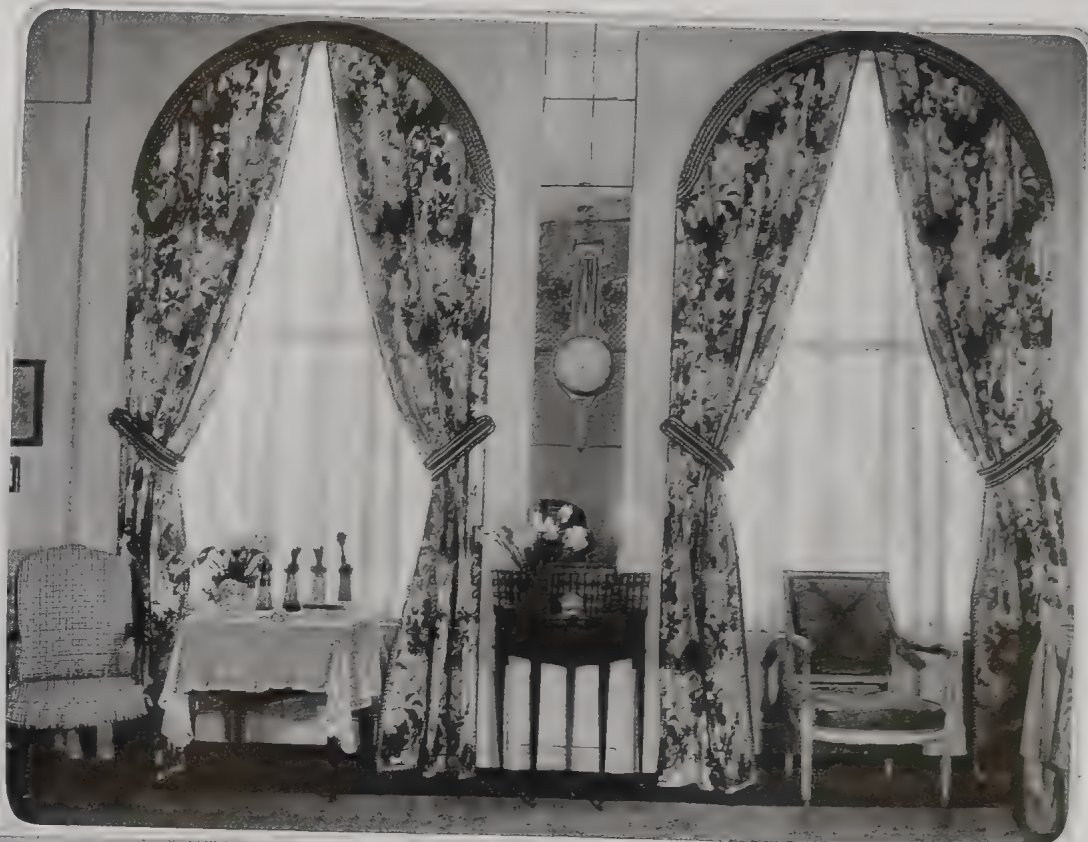
The decorative birds of Eugenie Shonnard have won a place all their own in garden decoration



The richness of Oriental gardens comes to us from Tunis with the tiles of this wall fountain

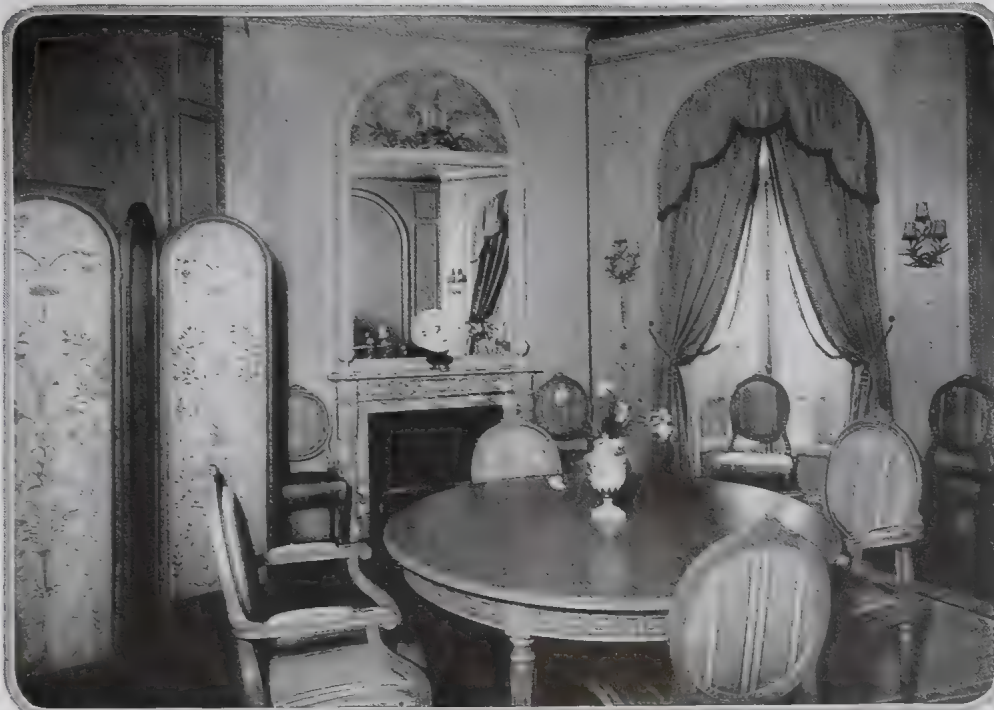
THIS MORNING-ROOM MAKES BRILLIANT USE OF CHINTZ

(Right) It was something of a triumph for the decorator to treat the arched windows in this country house morning-room so successfully; they are admirable examples of the use of glazed chintz curtains. This chintz is pale green and gaily flowered—a reproduction of an old English pattern known as the Ribblesdale design. A ruching of inch-wide ruffled ribbon of blue and geranium red satin fills in the arch and edges the curtains and the tie-backs. The glass curtains are of swiss with large rose dots. Between the windows a long mirror is introduced with an old French barometer on it to indicate the moods of the weather. The whole effect of this morning-room is delightfully intimate and charming; decorations from Wana-maker



(Below) Another view of the morning-room discloses many of its charming suggestions for the country house, particularly through its daring but wholly successful colour scheme. An elusive pale green for the walls, a sand coloured carpet, and a black fur rug compose a quiet background for the brilliant colouring of the hangings and furniture. A bergère upholstered in plain geranium red glazed chintz at the right of the fireplace is a friendly sis-a-tis for a Louis XVI fauteuil demurely wearing a slip-cover of cream chintz with a rose and green design. This cover has a short box-pleated ruffle, and a pair of little old French chairs have slip-covers of rose, blue, and grey checked chintz quaintly reminiscent of old-fashioned gingham aprons





James Dillon

(Below) The exquisitely beautiful salon in the Caderalader house has as the centre of its plan an antique Louis XV Caen stone mantel, now toned a warm grey with age. The trumeau above, painted in the manner of Joseph Vernet, follows a fashion popular in the eighteenth century and leaves space beneath for a small mirror, while the wrought-iron console between the arched windows and the old Spanish mirror are pleasing examples of rocaille and perfectly in accord with the spirit of the period. The whole room is a symphony of warm grey, yellow, and blue; the walls are antique yellow, the panels grey. The ceiling is a soft blue mixed with grey to harmonize with the darker blue grey of the hand-woven rug, which was specially made after the fashion of the old Aubusson rugs. The furniture with its covering of brocade striped in gold and blue and grey is an antique Venetian set, and the same brocade is used at the windows. Small French tables with marble tops and bronze galleries hold Chinese dogs made into lamps, and the painted metal brackets with a flower design blend with the colours of the wall.

(Left) The octagonal dining-room is in blue and cream against grey; the furniture is grey blue accented with pale grey and covered with blue and cream striped taffeta. The silver ceiling toned down with a blue glaze carries its shimmering quality to the screen, which is silver with blue and mauve arabesques. Above the mirror is a painted trumeau of cockatoos, and the silver brackets are designed as sprays of wheat rising from arabesqued urns.

There is quiet simplicity in the hallway with its iron balustrade and blue velvet-covered hand-rail. Blue taffeta curtains are looped back at the old Venetian doors leading into the salon, and an alabaster on a console between two Louis XVI chairs forms an interesting group.



THESE VIEWS SHOW
THE PHILADELPHIA
HOUSE OF MRS. RICHARD
CADWALADER, JUNIOR

DE ARMOND, ASHMEAD, AND
BICKLEY, ARCHITECTS

(Right) A detail of the library shows the Régence fireplace and above it a painting which is a companion piece to the architectural painting shown in the photograph below. The notable dignity of this room is enhanced by its excellent composition. At the farther ends of the settees are placed two attractive small tables, each of the pair holding black tin urns that have been converted into lamps



THE LIBRARY IS A
RÉGENCE ROOM OF
QUIET DIGNITY AND
EXCELLENT GROUPING

INTERIOR ARCHITECTS, THE
HERTER LOOMS

(Below) The library is done in grey blue and beige with touches of gold. The damask is a reproduction of an old French one, the pieces of old wood furniture have great distinction, and the way the bookcases have been made to form part of the architecture of the room is deserving of special note. Unusually effective, too, is the Italian architectural painting set into the panelling at the left

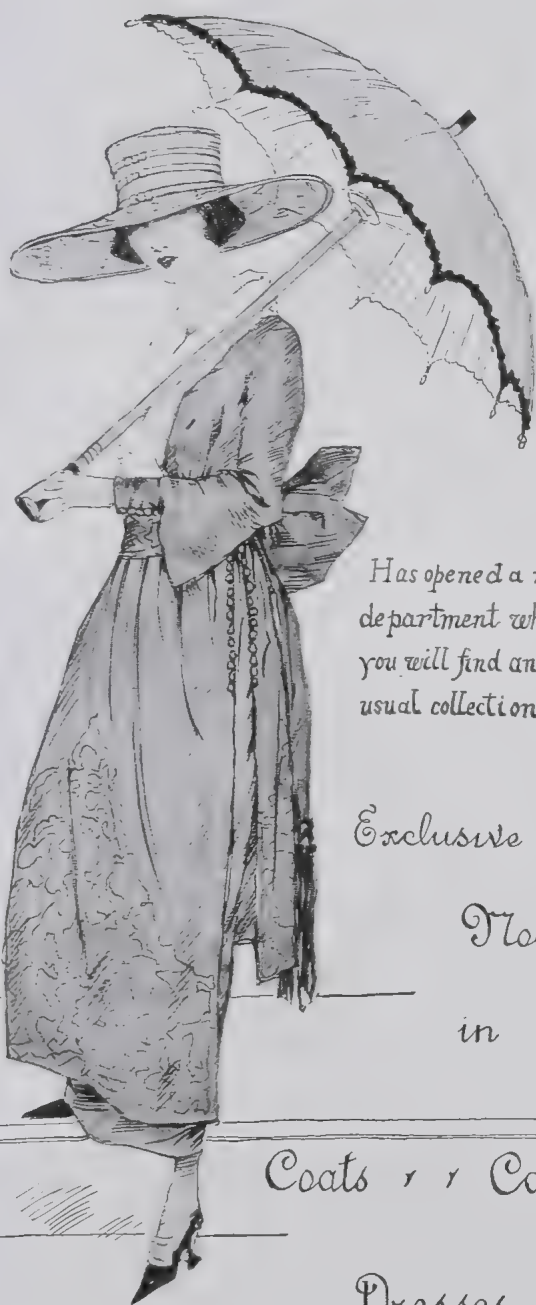


James Dillon

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 56)

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THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE

The new bill at the Greenwich Village Theatre is much more interesting than any of its predecessors. First and foremost, it contains a very moving one-act tragedy by Eugene O'Neil, who knows the theatre and who also knows the sea. This young playwright, who has slowly and surely been emerging into prominence throughout the progress of the last few seasons, is a son of the noted actor, James O'Neil. Some years ago, he ran away from Princeton, and went to sea, and "signed on" as a common seaman. Throughout his many months of living in the fo'castle, he kept open a keen eye and an even keener ear. Upon returning to the family fold, this wandering son was sentenced by his father to go to Harvard as a pupil of Professor Baker's; and, after making a fine record in English 47, Eugene O'Neil has written half a dozen plays of life at sea that have been produced professionally. He is endowed with great dramatic power, which very possibly has been inherited or else acquired from his father; but a more important point to be recorded is the fact that he has found a new field, with which he is absolutely conversant and in which he has no rival. There have been many novelists of the sea; but the average successful playwright is utterly ignorant of life before the mast.

In his concentrated tragedy called "Ile," this author tells the story of an old New England whaling captain who refuses to turn homeward with an empty hold after being ice-bound for two years in Bering Sea. His present voyage has been hampered by hard luck; but never in his life has he gone back to port without a ship-full of "ile," and as a matter of professional pride he is resolved against confession of defeat on this occasion. Supplies are running short; and there are signs of incipient mutiny among the members of the crew, whose legal term of service has expired. Worst of all, his own wife, whom he has brought along with him upon this ill-starred voyage, is weary, to the edges of endurance, of the long and limitless procession of the ice-bound weeks. Yet the old whaling captain is the sort of hardened hero that some of us who push the pen or ply the brush would like to call an artist; and he refuses to turn back. At last, the ice breaks to the northward and a school of whales is sighted, and the captain rushes to the bridge in triumph; but, meanwhile, his lonely wife goes mad before his very eyes; and, in that final moment when he fills his ship with "ile," she sits forlornly playing at a silly cottage-organ that he had shipped aboard to give her company in the saloon.

Another item on the same bill is "The Big Scene," by Arthur Schnitzler. This very brilliant satire demands a very brilliant performance; and, on this occasion, the demand has not been satisfied. Dr. Schnitzler is so clever a tactician that, even in these hectic days, it is not quite possible for a dramatic critic to regard him as an alien and an enemy; and it seems a sort of pity that this leading playwright of Vienna should be misinterpreted by injudicious casting and by a drastic slowness in the tempo of the acting. In watching the performance of this play at the Greenwich Village Theatre, the present commentator was tempted more than once to quote the last remembered words of one of our very great Americans,—"For God's sake, hurry up!"

The third item on the bill is a sketch, by Harold Brighouse, called "The Maid of France"; and much may be forgiven to an author who has written so appealing a play as "Lonesome Like," which has been described in an earlier passage of the

present article. In "The Maid of France," an English Tommy and a French poilu fall, side by side, asleep at the base of a statue of Jeanne d'Arc in a little town behind the present battle-line in France. In their dreams, the figure of Jeanne d'Arc is called to life, and begins to speak from the tribune of her pedestal. At first she is bewildered by the presence of an English army in France, which she regards as hostile because of her own historical experience; but the two soldiers explain to her the basis of the new entente by which both France and England have been leagued together in defense of civilization. This little piece of propaganda is almost inconsiderable as a work of art; but propaganda must be propagated, and it is pleasant to record the fact that the author of so beautiful a play as "Lonesome Like" has done his bit.

"ONCE UPON A TIME"

Chauncey Olcott commands a special public so loyal that no criticism of his undertakings can be regarded as a matter of practical importance; yet there is a sort of pleasure for a quite disinterested commentator in praising his production of "Once Upon a Time," by Rachel Crothers. In this piece, Mr. Olcott appears, in his familiar guise, as an Irish hero who sings an ingratiating song in every act; but the play itself is much more credible, and much more thoroughly consistent, than most of the vehicles that have carried this lyric actor to success.

The simple fact that needs to be envisaged is that Rachel Crothers, who wrote "Old Lady 31," is one of the ablest playwrights in America, and that, even when she undertakes a minor task, her name upon the programme should be regarded as a magnet to attract a quite unusual attendance. "Once Upon a Time" is, of course, in essence nothing more than a conventional restirring of the same old sentimental flub-dub that evoked applause a quarter of a century ago; yet the piece is so honestly imagined and so sincerely written that it compels applause from a critic accustomed to demand that the drama should hold, as it were, a mirror up to nature.

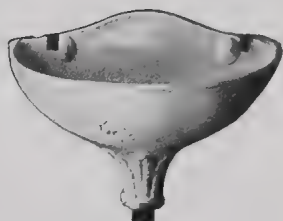
"Once Upon a Time" tells mainly the story of a gradual and growing intimacy between a crabbed bachelor depicted by Chauncey Olcott and a tiny angel-child depicted by Bonnie Marie. "Bonnie Marie" sounds obviously like an artificial name; but the very little lady who bears the burden of this appellation is a veritable artist.

"SALOME"

"Salomé" has recently been offered to the public as the leading item on the latest bill of the Washington Square Players. In presenting this extraordinary play, the directors of this idealistic organization decided wisely to entrust the leading parts to several artists whose popularity has been established beyond question on the ordinary stage of commerce. Half a dozen famous players were recruited in pursuance of this policy; and the piece, in consequence, was superlatively acted. Walter Hampden was magnificent in his rendition of the Prophet Jokanaan, Louis Calvert was subtle and sinister in his depiction of Herod Antipas, Gareth Hughes was sculpturally beautiful as The Page of Herodias, and Rollo Peters was poetic and appealing in his performance of The Young Syrian. Madame Yorska, who essayed the part of Salomé, suffered obviously from her inability to render with adequate élan the Dance of the Seven Veils, and also from her lack of unthoughtful fluency in the English language. The scenery was beautiful—though not, in all respects, appropriate—and the lighting was particularly lovely.

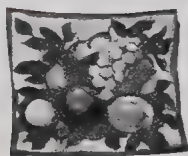


A two-piece porcelain fountain for garden or hall is of Louis XIV inspiration; from Mme. Ochsé



PARIS TAKES ITS SUMMER EARLY

(Continued from page 38)



This gay little square cushion, from Mme. Delcombe reminds one of Cézanne by its realistically brilliant flowers

using for some time in preference to the pink and white of former years, which, nowadays, looks so old-fashioned. Many blouses are seen which are worn over the skirt, falling in straight lines, split at the sides, and loosely held in by a narrow belt. Most popular are the ones in coloured stripes on a white ground, exactly like the lining of the coat with which they are worn; this lining, by way of originality, is of linen. All-white so-called lingerie blouses seem to have given place to coloured ones, both plain and figured. This point is typical of the modes of the season.

A school of hair-dressing has recently been opened in Paris, where wounded soldiers may learn the trade. An interesting photograph of a hair-dressing lesson in progress is shown at the bottom of page 38.

The theatres have come to a halt in their triumphal course,—a matter of regret to every one. All those which were not provided with safe shelters have preferred to close their doors. However, at the Opéra the revival of Rameau's Cas-

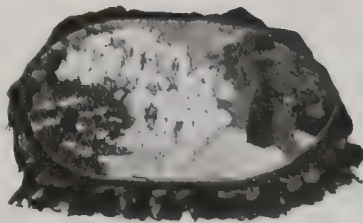
tor and Pollux has been a great success, not only from a musical point of view, but also because of the stage settings. These have been entrusted to Guerra, the ballet-master of the Opéra, who, with the assistance of Dresca, the decorator, has achieved original effects. This is particularly surprising at the Opéra, which as a rule does not depart from its traditions. The subdued colours of the first act and the half-light were strikingly artistic, and an effective contrast to the scene for the third act, which was done entirely in white and recalled the period of Louis XIV, which has evidently influenced these most modern of our decorators.

The cast included Mmes. Lubin, Valandri, and Laval, and MM. Lestelly, Gresse, and Plamondon, and the revival was one of the finest eighteenth century spectacles which we have ever had an opportunity of seeing. Mlle. Aida Boni and Aveline, the dancer, were marvellous in their technique and a joy to the eyes. In these times, when all the museums are closed, it is a great comfort that we may still enjoy music and see a production like this one, which costs more than four hundred thousand francs. It could not be better, even if we were not at war, and M. Rouché, the director of the Opéra, was certainly courageous beyond words to make the venture. It is pleasant to know that he has been fully rewarded for his effort.

J. R. F.



(Above) Cushions that are reminiscent of the patterned carpets and fire-screens of 1855 are a novelty in Paris now, without the old crude colourings. This round wool cushion is a veritable bouquet of yellow and blue flowers. The three cushions on this page were shown at the Galerie D'vamber.



(Below) This oval cushion, on which the sombre note of a giant tree-trunk among the bright coloured garden flowers suggests an impressionistic landscape, is from Mme. Boileau, who is making the most of the lovely tints that may be obtained in cut wool and who also made the cushion shown above.

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(Continued from page 29)



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"It is a very beautiful panel." On the shop-keeper's face there was an almost imperceptible smile which meant, "That is so evident that it isn't worth saying."

Hélène decided that the beauty of this panel was without doubt much greater than she had supposed.—so great that it was beyond the comprehension of a bourgeoisie little creature like herself. So it was in an unsteady voice that she ventured the classic phrase; "Monsieur, tell me your lowest price."

"I said six hundred francs," said the shop-keeper.

Hélène, having begun to haggle, thought that her honour required her not to give in too easily. "I think that is too dear," she murmured.

The shop-keeper did not say a word, but he took the panel coldly and went to replace it in the window, in the place where it had been.

A great sadness filled Hélène's soul. It seemed to her suddenly that all lights were growing dim, that the shop was getting colder, and that all the reasons why life is worth living had suddenly ceased to exist. She felt that she was bound by very vital ties to this lacquer panel. She pointed out a large vase.

"The price of this?" she asked, to keep herself in countenance.

"Old porcelain," said the shop-keeper. "That yellow of the background is extremely rare. The two vases are eight hundred francs," he finished, blowing lightly on one of the two vases, to get off the dust, with an air of profound veneration for the object and of scorn for his client.

"Eight hundred francs for the two? I will take them," she said in a voice somewhat shaken by the importance of the sum and by the gravity of these words, which made her the owner of a pair of unique vases, worthy of a temple or a palace.

The shop-keeper deigned to reward her for this decision.

"I see that you are a connoisseur, Madame," he said. "You are getting two admirable pieces there."

Hélène felt a glow of pleasure mount to her cheeks.

"Ah," she said, in an off-hand tone, "those Chinese were really artists."

Made confident by so fortunate a first purchase, she looked about the shop feverishly, asking the price of everything she saw. Screens at six thousand francs, pieces of furniture at four or five thousand, too dear for her, left her indifferent. But as long as a thing did not exceed a thousand francs, and so remained within the range of possibility, she was all excitement over it. At the end of half an hour she had learned the price of over a dozen articles of reasonable cost. She could not consider buying them all, but she could select a few from among them. Then began an indecision which was full of charm at first. She felt that she had a sort of royal power over all these things which put them at her mercy. And here was a really delicious sensation. She took an enchanting piece of old silk in her hands, but just beside her there was a truly splendid bit of cloisonné. She put down the silk and took up the cloisonné. But then it was the silk which began to shine with a magic glory. Then, little by little, her impressions became confused. She felt her thoughts, completely exhausted, go from one thing to another with indecision. And her pleasure grew faint, while a sort of vague malaise took its place. Then came a moment when this indecision became intolerable. She thought of the cold dark street as of liberty, and suddenly she longed to find herself alone at home. She understood that she could never put an end to this vertigo which was taking possession of her, to this fatigue which was spreading through her, except by making an absolute decision.

Then, gathering all her forces, she said nonchalantly, a little as one throws a piece of gold on the cloth of a roulette table, "I will take this cloisonné."

And immediately she felt an immense regret for all the other things which this choice condemned and which suddenly seemed to detach themselves from her and flee and hide themselves in an inaccessible kingdom where she could never reach them. And the feeling began to grow in her mind that the cloisonné that she had chosen was of no interest.

"Now," said the shop-keeper, who had become more agreeable, "doesn't this Coromandel panel really tempt you?"

And he went and got it and put it in front of her.

Hélène, decidedly set up by the purchase of her cloisonné, looked again with pleasure on this lacquer which she regarded as an old friend. It was for this lacquer that she had first come in.

"This can't be had any more," said the shop-keeper with an air of deep sadness.

Hélène figured up in her head,—eight hundred and five hundred, and six hundred—!

"Listen, Madame," said the shop-keeper, "I see that you know what you are talking about. I would much rather that you had the panel than some one who doesn't care about it. I will let you have it for five hundred and fifty. You can make it up to me another time."

Hélène looked at the panel. It certainly did reassure her and give her confidence. It seemed to her that she could make up for the superficiality of her other purchases if she bought that panel. Moreover, she had just spent thirteen hundred francs. What did five hundred and fifty more matter?

"Send your boy to get me a carriage," she said, "and have him take these things out to it,—the panel, too."

The shop-keeper bowed low. Hélène took out of her little purse the new notes which she had had changed at the bank that very afternoon. In exchange for her eighteen hundred and fifty francs, the shop-keeper gave her a large receipted bill.

Then she went out of the shop and took her place in the carriage.

Her head felt hot, in spite of the cold in the streets, and she had a slight feeling of suffocation. She was obliged to unfasten the collar of her coat.

When she got home, she saw her husband waiting for her.

"Don't scold me," she said. "I've spent a lot of money. But I have bought such beautiful things, and I am so happy."

She untied her purchases herself, and showed them off partly to excite the admiration of her husband, and partly to reassure herself. Her husband looked a long time at the lacquer panel, the cloisonné, the vases, and asked the prices several times.

"Well, if it makes you happy," he said a little sadly, and he kissed her on the forehead.

Then she busied herself with finding the best place for each object. It was the moment she had been waiting for so impatiently and from which she had promised herself so much pleasure. But she searched her heart for that expected pleasure and did not find it.

"Perhaps I would have done better to take the old silk," she thought.

She looked again at the things she had bought and she had a confused feeling that all the fever and passion that had racked her for nearly two hours had left nothing behind but a feeling of emptiness. She had acquired something, but she had added nothing to herself.

That night, when she went to bed, she said to her husband, "I don't know what is the matter with me. I feel so sad."

And a little tear shone in her eyes.



Twin Falls, two huge roaring curtains of spray, their feet hidden in perpetual mist which the sunshine turns into diamond dust

CAMP-FIRES IN THE SNOW

(Continued from page 27)

sapphires. It wasn't real. We had created it out of the Book of Revelations, there in the riotous August sunshine. The slag cuffs to the left made a frame for it; the jade slopes to the right gave it fire by their sombre contrast. The whole composition—black, green, and unbelievable opal—led up to the crescendo-white of that glacier against raw blue sky.

But Sargent—yes, John S. Sargent—had forsaken Lake Louise for another jewel in a casket higher still among the hills. He had said that Lake O'Hara was the most wonderful thing in the world, and he had stayed there ten days painting a portrait that should be the very soul of it. We didn't and couldn't believe that it could be more beautiful than Louise. But we had to gather data for contradiction. And no sooner were we there and we agreed with him.

The fire sank. A little wind stirred lost music in the fir tops. It was time for the five Hudson Bay blankets if we were to see sunrise on Lake O'Hara and so on, past Lake Oesa, to Lake McArthur under the snows.

If you've never been waked by the smell of frying trout, and snapping fir coals, and coffee, in the thin glacial air of three a. m. and five blankets—be of good cheer, for the best hour of your life is still in the crystal, waiting for you. The mountains were tucking the mist-wisps behind their august ears when we parted our tent flaps. There was a grey light shot with sunrise over the malachite lake. The reflection of every tree, every bit of rock, every saw-toothed snow peak quivered in the water. Cold? Yes, of course it was cold. Why else had we left New York?

The main trail, a relic of Kootenay Indian days, turns west a few yards from the lake, falls over a low ridge, and drops into a meadow completely surrounded with forest and full of crocuses. That isn't their botanical name, perhaps, but that's what they will always be to us—dear, wise, brave little flowers, with a grey furry marmot as bold as you please sitting up on his hind legs playing shepherd. The crocuses have done their best to hide the trail, but nothing puzzles Bush River, and half an hour later we reach the summit of the pass, sprayed with red and white heather, and see the long valley that holds Lake McArthur. There is something inhuman in the beauty of this lake. Not a trace of vege-

tation is visible, not a movement, not even the vivid aliveness of the colour combinations seen in the lower lakes. McArthur is as blue as blue sky over black emptiness. There's an occasional iceberg mirrored white in its sapphire. These have broken from the immense blue green glacier that slides into the lake from the bottom of Mount Biddle, sheering up three thousand feet in one black scarp. But they are no colder hearted than the lake itself. McArthur doesn't welcome you or resent you. It doesn't know you're there. It dreams.

We could have gone straight on to Field from McArthur, over a wonderful trail, Bush River assured us, but we preferred to return to Louise, where we were to take the high line trail up the immense breadth of Consolation Valley to Moraine Lake with its towering snow-veined Ten Peaks and its so-excellent trout. There is a permanent camp on Moraine Lake, and we would have a chance to try a mode of mountaineering that wasn't as sophisticated as life at the hotel, nor yet as near to roughing it as our present experience with Bush River, and Henry the cook, and the five Hudson Bays. Then, too, there were the Lakes in the Clouds to be reached from Louise. Some of our party had neglected to have tea in the charming little tea-house that has to be dug out of a five-foot drift on the first of every June.

We ended by staying over another full week at Louise because one of the men wanted to do a little real mountaineering with a Swiss guide and a chance of death or glory. From the hotel veranda we had watched so many puffball avalanches make the eighteen hundred foot cascade from Mount Victoria, that this height was chosen and ascended by way of Abbott Pass. To judge from the accounts received on our Alpinist's return, unless one's mountaineering included a passage with an ice ax, a rope, and a Swiss who made tea by boiling it in snow water until it could climb all by itself for sheer strength, one didn't know the Rockies even by reputation.

From Louise to Field we took an excellent trail that rises to the top of The Great Divide where somebody has created a rustic arch. On one side of the arch is Alberta; on the other, British Columbia. On the west, the water all flows toward the Pacific; on the east,

(Continued on page 72)



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CAMP-FIRES IN THE SNOW

(Continued from page 71)

toward the ultimate Atlantic. And one can see it beginning its journey down a neat little cement path. For the rest of the trip, the trail follows the Kicking Horse River down its roaring canyon, where aerial silver mines, tunnels that twist like snakes in and out of the mountains, tales of by-gone grades on the railway line that turned men's hair white, and once-upon-a-time snowslides that took it off altogether—these are the accompaniments of the ponies' trotting feet.

We were not to stay in Field itself, but intended to pick up our luggage and take it with us to Emerald Lake, seven miles over by a good carriage road, where there was a Swiss chalet overhanging a sheet of water three shades greener than the jewel whose name it wore. This was our first stopping place on the three days' trail to the Yoho Valley. We had tea on the wide veranda, with Wapta and Burgess and President and Vice President—all mountains and big ones—sitting with their toes in the lake looking down at us from immeasurable snow-bonneted heights.

For the benefit of those who could never enjoy life if it didn't begin every morning with a hot bath, and culminate every night with an evening gown, with a well-trained maid in the background to assist one to change, we may suggest that a most enjoyable pony trip could be arranged that would begin at Banff, go straight to Louise, from there to Field, and thence to Emerald Lake. The trail in each case is not too long for even the most leisurely rider to cover in a day and be dressed again by five o'clock. And at each of the nightly stopping places there is an excellent hotel.

For ourselves, however, we preferred a more adventurous career, and after spending the night at Emerald Lake, we took a trail up over a mountain that absolutely had no top. To the proverbial crow who makes all straight line distances, that trail must have looked like a series of Z's superimposed on each other's backs. Possibly it felt something like that to the ponies, though we never hurried them, and they seemed to take it philosophically enough. Finally, the jaws of a heavy timber growth opened ahead, and the trail zigzagged uncertainly up to it. Here we turned for a last look at Emerald Lake far below, a vivid jewel in its ring of jade. Then the forest swallowed us.

THE VIEW FROM THE DIVIDE

The top of the divide that separates the Yoho Valley from the one that holds Emerald Lake, is a great meadow as level as a board. A round craggy mass of rock at one end of it towers hundreds of feet straight up, and looks like the head of a bad giant rolled onto some immense floor of the gods. Huge snow drifts hang about it and slide down onto the green grass of the meadow. In this phenomenally clear air, it looks as though we could all step over and roll in that snow, but it must be quite two miles at the very least. Two mountain lakes lie on the big tableland, as green as Emerald Lake and as freezingly cold. Across on a sky-high hillside, a flock of mountain goats browse, and move, and browse again.

A few moments more, during which Henry contributed a bear story which Bush River capped without even trying, and we were at the outer end of the divide, looking down a thousand feet into the long gulf of Yoho Valley with the foaming little river running through it. Across those leagues of blue air we could see dozens of white peaks peering over each other's shoulders. There were six glaciers visible, and just opposite us, a twelve hundred foot plume of spun glass—Takkakaw Falls—hanging from a

green ice mass that ran back miles and miles into those tumbled white wastes.

"Down there," said Bush River, "they'd ought'a be a permanent camp like they was before the war—will be again, too. But me'n Henry can make you comfortable, and to-morrow we'll all go see the Yoho Glacier."

Everybody gets up early in camp because everybody turns in early, and sleeps, leagues deep under healthful weariness, where all the nerve tension is ironed out. Besides, there are pictures to be taken, and gophers to be fed, and flowers to be gathered, to say nothing of breakfast. Then the guide and the cooks strike the tents and load up the pack-horses, everybody mounts and rides away, taking deep breaths of the heady air, and preparing to be hungry again at the shortest interval that Henry will stand for.

There's a big stream coming down the mountain side to the left, that, when it hits the valley, which it does rather vigorously, branches into a perfect family-tree of streamlets, a dozen big ones and dear knows how many grandchildren brooks that run here and there like Fresh Air Excursion kiddies on a farm. The whole immense stretch of their playground, at least a quarter of a mile across, is strewn and heaped with boulders, from big gravel size up to the sort a horse couldn't haul. In places they're laid out flat as raisins in a pie, and then again they're in great hummocks. Every winter, the configuration of the place changes, and the streams shout and begin all over again. No wonder the trail gets lost. But that doesn't matter in the least to us, when we have Bush River Jones.

GEOLOGY AT FIRST HAND

Somewhere, in a mad dream, I must have imagined an enormous whale-built monster with gaping jaws. For when I saw the Yoho Glacier at last, its back blanketed with snow that ran up miles and miles to the roof of the world, its green mouth open and capable of holding the town courthouse, a long stream of ice water dripping from between its jaws to become the Yoho River, I knew—I just knew—that I'd seen that face before. Under Bush River's direction we walked right in where Jonah feared to tread, but we didn't stay long for there was and always will be a continuous shower of falling stones in that whale's hundred foot mouth, except when the winter seals it up altogether, and there are no tourists but mountain goats.

Afterward we climbed on top of the glacier's "forefoot," which, allow me to assure you, is the scientific manner of referring to it unless one prefers to use the term "snout." We weren't wearing the correct hobnailed shoes that went with the scene, as our graduate Alpinist reminded us, but our riding boots did well enough, with Bush River's help. A glacier may appear to be one smooth-skinned mass when viewed head on, from the valley. But when one mounts the creature, behold, the rhinoceros with his wrinkly skin is nothing, nothing at all, compared to that glacier. Crevasses, lateral and transverse, cut it all up into "seracs," sharp-pointed towers and pinnacles which may vary from three to fifty feet in height. There are ice falls too, just like waterfalls only that the movement, slower than the slowest molasses in the coldest January, is to be measured in feet per year. The Alpine Club of Canada has kept tab on the Yoho Glacier's doings ever since 1906, and, if we had only had one of the members on hand to enlighten us, he could doubtless have outdistanced the marvels of Bush River and his bears. At last, however, side by side, and very much in awe of the view, we lay face downward at the edge

(Continued on page 80)



The armies of three nations were represented among the ushers at the wedding of the Baroness Vera de Ropp to Major Eric Fisher Wood, U. S. N. A., at the Church of the Heavenly Rest

NEW YORK SMILES BELOW ITS FLAG

(Continued from page 248)

Mr. Preston Gibson, lately returned from France, spoke for the Liberty Loan.

Spring has brought no falling off in the number of weddings; in many cases they continue to be the same impromptu affairs as those of the winter. Rather more formal than the average war wedding, however, was that of the Baroness Vera de Ropp, daughter of Baron Alfred de Ropp, to Major Eric Fisher Wood, U. S. N. A., which took place at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. The bride wore white satin and lace (one can no longer say "the usual white satin and lace") and the ushers were recruited from the armies of three nations. The best man was Captain Alexander Laughlin, U. S. R.; and Captain Yoxhall, of the British Army, Captain Tommy-Martin of the French Army, Captain Cahill and Captain Talbot of the United States Army, were the ushers.

THE BARONESS DE ROPP

The bride's mother, the Baroness de

Ropp was one of the most distinguished figures to be observed at the wedding. Her costume, consisting of a grey satin gown over which was worn a long black satin cape with sleeves which were slashed to the elbow and fell free in long panels at the side, was unusual and smart. It was topped by a black straw hat with a flare of white feathers.

New spring hats peep out of many motors along Fifth Avenue, as well as other hats of distinctly familiar aspect—for not a few well-known women have resurrected their last season's headgear. Among the wearers of striking new millinery is Mrs. Angier B. Duke, who was sketched the other day in the hat of vermilion straw brimmed with ostrich feathers and poppies of the same gay colour. This hat was particularly smart and becoming to Mrs. Duke. A particularly smart costume for the tea hour consisted of a blue serge suit with a short jacket worn over an ivory waistcoat and topped by a small hat of tucked blue silk.

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

(Continued from page 47)

The blouse is of the Russian variety and slips on over the head. The neck-line is bound with navy blue silk, and there are buttons of navy blue and white, for decorative purposes only. The sleeves are cleverly cut, kimono at the top and tight fitting at the wrist, and yet with fulness enough to make them comfortable for sports wear. There is a narrow sash belt of pongee lined with navy blue and tied smartly at the side front. The effect is excellent, and the costume is one which may be worn at almost any hour of the day or for almost any summer occasion. A pattern in any size will be cut by the Vogue Pattern Service for \$1.50. The hat which has been designed to go with it is of Japanese straw in navy blue. It is bound with white grosgrain ribbon, and narrow ribbons of the same are crossed over the crown and flutter at the back in long ends.

In these days of garden patriots, a smock of natural colour linen crash cut on the lines of the wind coat which a sailor wears on deck in cold weather should merit enthusiasm; this is sketched at the top of page 46. The deep sailor yoke, at both back and front, runs into

short kimono sleeves, into which are set wide long sleeves, which protect the arms from the sun or may be rolled up over the elbows if one is working in the shade. The smock slips on over the head and is laced in front with bright cerise cords, giving a touch a gaiety. A pattern of this design may be ordered in any size at \$1.50. The hat, which is like an English sailor, is of coarse straw in natural colour and mushroom shape. From it hang long streamers of grosgrain ribbon.

The sketches at the top of page 47 show two sweaters from Poirrette for those who still remain true to this garment. That at the right is of wine coloured silk edged with bands of jade, gold, tomato, and royal blue; it is suggested for wear with a wine coloured silk skirt, making a combination truly original. The other one is made of cerise silk bordered at the neck with white. The sleeves are set in with an amusing cross-band at the armhole. As these sweaters are from London, they are offered as suggestions to the knitter who feels that she can spare time from her khaki and grey to make just one pretty coloured garment for her own wear during the summer.

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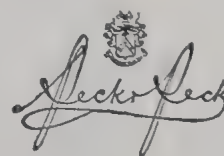
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SEVEN WAYS to HELP the ALLIES

(Continued from page 51)



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War Relief, 135 East Fifty-sixth Street. The greatest need at present is for a rent-free house or loft in which to carry on the local work. The rent of the present quarters is a heavy drain on money that would otherwise be free for service abroad.

BOOKS FOR THE SOLDIERS

The slogan "Do it now" has become so familiar that it has lost its value as a stimulant, but it hasn't lost a bit of its urgency. Now is the time when our soldiers are facing the isolation and dreariness of life in cantonments and training camps; now is the time when the men in the trenches in France have the prospect of a charge before them, and the men in the hospitals have the remembrance of it—and both these states of mind call for diversion. For these troubled thoughts there is just one magic carpet, and its name is "books." Now is the time for every one to give them. When the work of providing reading-matter for our men was first taken up, every man on a transport was given a book before he sailed and asked to exchange it with the men on board and leave it finally with the Y. M. C. A. man who met the ship on the other side. But this method proved very inadequate, and General Pershing has recently given an order that fifty tons of cargo space a month shall be reserved for books in our overseas shipping, meaning one hundred thousand books.

The American Library Association, upon the entrance of the United States into the war, appointed a War Service Committee which undertook the matter of raising funds to establish and maintain camp libraries. A million and a half dollars was raised by private subscription, and over two hundred thousand volumes were sent in for immediate service. Last October, at the request of this committee, Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, took over the direction and control of the War Service work. By January three hundred and ten thousand books had found their way to the larger training-camps, and thirty-four thousand to the smaller posts, with about two hundred and twenty thousand additional volumes on the way. At least two million more are urgently needed.

Every one who passed the steps of the Public Library a few weeks ago saw the tide of books that rose there daily, attracted by eloquent megaphone persuasion. Books are still being collected just inside the Library doors, and twenty-seven thousand is the record number for one day, so far. According to Mr. John Foster Carr, who has lent his energies and given—very literally—his voice to this campaign, about ninety per cent. of the books which have been sent in are good; among the other ten per cent. are some amusing exceptions. Mr. Carr has culled from the piles on the steps, and now keeps on exhibition in his office as examples of what not to send a soldier—Lina Cavalieri's, "Secrets of My Beauty"; Baedeker's Guide to Northern Germany; Max Nordau's, "How Women Love" (bound in pale blue and gold, and taken from a Mills Hotel Library); Goodwin's Greek Grammar; "The Care and Feeding of Children," by Dr. Holt; "Elsie's Motherhood," and a file of the "Undertaker's Review." The selection of an authority on such matters is shown by a letter from Theodore Roosevelt, sent with a cheque for fifty dollars to buy as many duplicate copies as possible of "Our Mutual Friend," "Guy Mannering," and "The Antiquary."

All the books received at the Library are packed in vans and sent to Hoboken, where they are sorted and labelled and packed in boxes which are made like sectional bookcases. The Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Red Cross direct the use of the books on the other side, for the American Library

Association does not feel justified in erecting buildings in France and incurring the expense of a special overseas library staff.

It is interesting to see from the letters written from the front, the part that books have played in the lives of soldiers. The late Arthur George Heath, Fellow of New College, Oxford, wrote from France that he would like a little literature. "If we are in for trench work, it will come in handy," he said. "I would like Belloc's 'General Sketch of the European War,' and, if you would not mind my being so luxurious, the Oxford Book of English Verse, in as small a size as you can get it. I've found time here to read a lot of novels, mostly very bad ones. I wonder if Turgenief would be good for the trenches?"

The man who has always read relies on books at the front as he never has before; they are a tie between him and his old life. The man who hasn't known much about books finds, in the loneliness and boredom that every soldier says is the worst part of modern warfare, that books are an ever-present help. They will be ever-present, at least, if people continue to be as generous in their donations as they have been up to date. This movement for collecting books is under way all over the country. Those who have books to give may send them to the public library nearest them, and any one living in New York may leave books at one of the public libraries, or by telephoning Vanderbilt 3600, may have the books called for.

FOR THE SUFFERING FRENCH

The French Heroes Lafayette Memorial Fund, which was organized for French war relief at the beginning of the year 1917, is an institution of extraordinary advantages. It will live on long after peace has been declared, for it is a constructive memorial to the relations between France and America and what America owes the great Lafayette and his country. It was through the successful personal appeals of Mrs. William Astor Chanler, President, and Mr. John Moffat, of the Board of Directors, that money was raised to purchase the Château de Chevanic Lafayette from the present Marquis, the great-grandson of General Lafayette. The château is in Haute-Loire, one hundred and fifty miles south of Paris. In addition to its original activities of providing relief and work for maimed and blinded soldiers and for all destitute non-combatants, plans were immediately made to utilize the château in four different divisions. One part is now a school and home for French orphans and the sons of French, British, and American heroes fallen in battle. Later plans include sending groups of the students to be educated in American universities and to be trained in American industry. The second division, the preventorium, is for children who are organically healthy, but who come from homes that predispose them to disease, particularly tuberculosis. Besides this, it is a demonstration station for the best modern methods of hygiene and sanitation. The third division is a model farm yielding produce to supply the school and preventorium. For this America is asked to send implements, seed, and live stock.

At present, on account of the recent German drive and the terrible suffering among French families, the French Heroes Fund has resolved itself into an Emergency Committee to care for the refugees, especially the children. A temporary home in Paris is provided for women and children in transit from the bombarded towns. All of them are homeless, many are wounded or suffering from tuberculosis or gas attacks. The château is also used as a refuge, or temporary

SEVEN WAYS to HELP the ALLIES

homes are arranged for, if there is no room. The American Fund for French Wounded has cooperated in maintaining a dispensary, providing physicians and the necessary supplies. Mlle. Valentine Thomson, daughter of a former Cabinet minister and one of the foremost women in France to-day, has charge of the French War Relief Committee. She has instituted a hotel school in Paris, where destitute girls are trained for all sorts of hotel positions. Later, the work of rehabilitation of the devastated districts will be taken up under the charge of the Baronne de la Grange, who was formerly Miss Emily Sloane, of New York.

Le Comité d'Honneur in Paris includes many distinguished men, among them the present Premier, M. Clémenceau, and four ex-Premiers, MM. Ribot, Jussierand, Painlevé, and Viviani. The Committee de l'Ecole Washington-Lafayette comprises Mrs. Edward Tuck, President, and such prominent women as Mlle. Thomson, Marquise de Chambrun, Comtesse de Luart, Baronne de la Grange, Comtesse de Savve, Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, and Madame Charles Le Verrier.

Those who contribute to this fund may feel that they are lending very present aid; for at no time has France needed our assistance more than in these critical times. The French Heroes Lafayette Memorial Fund holds out a direct way. Cheques should be made payable to James A. Blair, junior, and sent to the Fund at 360 Madison Avenue, New York.

CHOCOLATE THAT HELPS THE SOLDIERS

The American Chocolate Fund for U. S. Soldiers in France which has been organized by Mrs. Forrest B. Royal of Montclair, New Jersey, supplies a need that is more urgent than we perhaps realize. There are many moments in the life of every soldier when he reaches the limit of endurance and must still go on, far beyond that limit; the last mile of a forced march, the intolerable last hour which a wounded man must wait for the stretcher bearers to find him, the long exhausting journey to a base hospital—any one of these may take the last bit of strength a man has. The food which can best help a man to hold out just a little longer—the little that makes all the difference between life and death sometimes—is chocolate. Ida M. Tarbell, the honorary president of the American Chocolate Fund, said:

"The purpose of the American Chocolate Fund is to make certain that every United States soldier has a daily supply of this important food. The Society would be glad to receive any contribution, no matter how small. If you can buy but one cake, do that, confident that it will surely help some boy in a weary moment, that possibly it may turn out to be the one thing between him and death."

The chocolate is sent from the manufacturer, through the Red Cross Clearing House in Paris, to the U. S. Expeditionary Forces, as a free gift from the American people. As there are no overhead expenses, with the exception of a telephone and a stenographer in the New York office, all contributions to this fund go directly and entirely for the purchase of chocolate for the U. S. soldiers in France. The chocolate is bought from Henry Maillard, who headed the subscription by a generous gift of five hundred pounds. Contributions should be sent to Mrs. Archibald M. Reid, Treasurer, 4 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

A FOUNDATION FOR WAR RELIEF WORK

The National Allied Relief Committee is not an organization that has sprung up since America entered the war, nor is it limited in its scope to aiding this coun-

try alone. It was organized in the summer of 1915 for the purpose of placing American war relief on a systematic basis and making the work in Europe more effective. The Committee has also cooperated with other war relief committees by issuing appeals for them and assuming the attendant expenses. In addition to work in America, it has given aid to French soldiers, Belgian refugees, prisoners held in Germany, the wounded and maimed among the Scottish Highlanders, as well as their widows and orphans, the war victims of Armenia and Serbia, and a number of other worthy causes, such as the hospitals for British soldiers and sailors. The affairs of the Committee, of which Mr. Edwin G. Merrill is Chairman, are administered by some of the foremost financiers in New York. The British and Italian Ambassadors to the United States, as well as the Belgian Minister, are numbered among the Honourary Patrons, and the Board of Directors includes many prominent New York people, among them Mrs. William Astor Chanler, Mrs. Newbold Le Roy Edgar, Mr. John Moffat, Vice-Chairman, Mr. Henry J. Whigham, and Governor Charles S. Whitman. The Committee is just such a one as is needed to provide a firm foundation for all the many forms of war relief, and it should have the generous support of loyal Americans whose hearts are with the cause of the Allies and America. Donations will be especially helpful if they are made regularly, for either several months or the duration of the war. If the contributor designates the special purpose for which he wishes his donation used, the entire sum of money will go directly to that cause. Undesignated sums go into the General Fund, which covers all necessary expenses. Cheques should be made payable to Mr. James A. Blair, junior, and sent to the National Allied Relief Committee, 360 Madison Avenue, New York.

A MINE OF INFORMATION

Just at present the world is feeling a tremendous interest in Washington. The people who can't get to Washington write letters—reams and reams of letters. There is a constant stream of queries flowing into the hands of the Government clerks: "What is the Food Administration doing?" "Where is my nearest Red Cross station?" "Does the Army need infantry or artillery most?" And so on, ad infinitum. That is the reason the clerks are starting a casualty list of their own. They are so swamped by these miscellaneous questions that must have replies that they haven't time for other war work. The mails are congested; the trains are overloaded with correspondence sacks. The public, therefore, must relieve the situation. There is published daily at Washington, under order of the President, by the Committee on Public Information, the "Official Bulletin," containing all the more important rulings, decisions, regulations, proclamations, and orders from the several departments and the many special committees and agencies at the National Capital. All any one has to do, instead of writing to Washington to have a question answered, is to consult the "Official Bulletin" files in any library, board of trade, chamber of commerce, or the offices of mayors, governors, or other public officials. The Official Bulletin is also posted daily in all the post-offices in the United States—over fifty thousand in number; or, if one prefers, one may become a regular subscriber.

Do your bit! Release a clerk for regular immediate duties. Consult the Official Bulletin if you have any war-time questions to ask the Government. Give these harassed spirits peace of mind, and save yourself a vast deal of trouble.



In our atelier we are now displaying furs that forecast the mode of next winter. These models may be copied exactly in new pelts or serve as an inspiration for the remodeling of your own furs. The sketch combines Hudson seal and mole-skin and introduces a fur novelty in the loose back and waistcoat.

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From
Switzerland
this Woman
Wrote

SHE had been traveling about from London to Paris, then to Switzerland and on beyond. She had learned the comfort of traveling with CREME ELCAYA for her constant use. Then the war came, making shipments difficult, and she learned the discomfort of traveling without CREME ELCAYA. And so began the search for it, ending with this letter from Switzerland.

Aarau, Switzerland.

Dear Sir:

I have used ELCAYA products ever since they could be had at Selfridge's, in London, but am no longer able to obtain them. You would oblige me very much by kindly letting me know whether you have a depot in Switzerland or whether it would be possible to get ELCAYA direct from New York.

Yours truly,

(Miss) M.....L.....

This letter tells its own story of the place CREME ELCAYA has made for itself with women who are careful about the little niceties of their appearance. They write us frankly and unsolicited what they have learned from their own experience—that there is no substitute for CREME ELCAYA and they go to no end of trouble to get it for their constant use.

As I have said before, it is not alone what CREME ELCAYA does to protect and soften and clear your skin.

It is the unbelievable attraction which it adds to your personal appearance which will make you love CREME ELCAYA just as every woman does who uses it rightly.

And the formula is so simple if you will follow it whenever you use your face powder. Here it is:

A little CREME ELCAYA rubbed gently into the skin; then if you need color, a very little good rouge spread carefully over the cheeks before the cream is quite dry; and after that the film of face powder over all.

Begin using the formula today and watch the improvement in your appearance. Even your eyes will gain charm.

A trial package, including CREME ELCAYA and ELCAYA COMPLEXION POWDER, may be had for ten cents in a letter marked Department "M" and sent to the address below. Use Elcaya Rouge or your own, as you please.

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James C. Crane, 118 Madison Ave.,
New York City.



Gone are the days when a beautiful youth could nonchalantly hypnotize a sentimental lady into a trance by cutting her name on the ice

TRADITIONS of the TRÈSMOUTARDES

(Continued from page 49)

exercise. Then came winter; the lake froze, and a whole host of skaters darted out on the ice. Madame de Z., née Trèsmoutarde, did not wish to be behind the mode, so, lightly and fleetly, she took flight, shod with long curved skates, and supported on each side by two amiable young men. This was in the time of the Empress Eugénie, and Madame de Z. was charming in her hooded cloak, tied under the chin, and her frilled skirts. Around her glided sleighs like Muscovite dragons or gigantic swans, while beautiful gentlemen, clad in Brandenburg dolmans, extra full trousers, and sable caps, their arms crossed, and their long whiskers waving in the wind, inscribed their names in skilful evolutions on the ice.

A NEW ERA OPENS

Eventually, however, the ice melted, the mode changed, and Madame de Z. went back to her carriage à la Daumont. At length, old age appeared, and she left her carriage for her armchair, and, respecting maternal tradition, for the rest of her days devoted herself entirely to parties of whist or of reversi. No, all things considered, I don't think that she, either, had a very ardent taste for sports.

I come now to the heiress of this illustrious personage, to the one who forms the principal object of our essay. I mean Mademoiselle Yolande de Trèsmoutarde. Ah! this time one may really say of her that she adores sports and makes up for all the time lost by the others. One might even affirm that to those who form the more gracious half of the human species her example opens a new era. Tremendously taken up with her card-playing, her mamma sent her to school at a very early age, and as it was the fashion to extol everything British, Yolande was sent to a girl's boarding-school in England. There she immediately realized her vocation and set herself to cultivate the magnificent aptitude with which she had been endowed by Heaven. She made her début at hockey, where she distinguished herself by a quite extraordinary animation, breaking the leg of the champion of the other side and demolishing the nose of one of her own players. She even lost three teeth herself; but I must add that those which took their place are marvellous. One would never know them from the real thing. Proud of these first triumphs, she devoted herself methodically to physical culture and soon acquired very uncommon strength. Was tennis in vogue, Mademoiselle de Trèsmoutarde displayed exceptional address at it. Then came golf, and again Mademoiselle de Trèsmoutarde gave proof of possessing both grace and power. And what delicious costumes she displayed on

these occasions! White ones in the sun, brown in the rain, yellow for dusty days, and blue for cloudy ones.

Her mother had skated. She burned to follow her example. But it goes without saying that the Bois de Boulogne and its lake were not nearly big enough for her. She inaugurated San Moritz, and soon all her young companions followed her footsteps, and the mountains of Switzerland were peopled with charming young ladies, gliding like the wind down the long snowy slopes; while the evening was rounded out with turkey-trots, fox-trots, frog-trots, which they danced with frenzy all night, before and after dinner, and even between the courses. Really, San Moritz was the ideal spot for sportswomen.

After that, I met the dear girl on horseback in the Allée des Acacias. She was riding astride like a man, making her horse gallop at top speed, perfectly careless of the shocking confusion that she caused among the passers-by. I don't know what her grandmother would have said at seeing her in the get-up of a hussar, but I know that for my part, I should have preferred to see her better seated in the saddle and less busy whispering into the ear of her mount.

Mlle. TRÈSMOUTARDE AS A GUNNER

I am tempted to say even more about her way of handling a gun. Perhaps she showed here more ardour than experience, for the first time that I shot beside her, I received a full charge in my legs. As is my custom, I suffered in silence; but, knowing that eight days later, I should have to shoot with Mlle. de Trèsmoutarde again, I hurried to my tailor and order a pair of gaiters made of tin, discreetly covered with cloth. The expected happened. Hardly were we in our places, when Mlle. de Trèsmoutarde discharged, by mistake, a frightful blast into my calves. This time I did not feel it, but, unfortunately, for one can't think of everything, my cursed gaiters resounded under the bombardment in the most awkward fashion. Intensely irritated, Mlle. de Trèsmoutarde demanded what had caused the racket and if I wanted to frighten all the game in the country. I was beginning to make confused explanations to my neighbour, when a hare took it into its head to dash between us. Mlle. de Trèsmoutarde fired at it. Luckily, I was on my guard, and I avoided the peril by jumping lightly to one side. One false movement, one second's delay, and I should have received the charge full in my middle. Oh, one must look on all sides when one shoots with Mlle. de Trèsmoutarde, that intrepid gunner.

THE WOMEN'S PLATTSBURG

(Continued from page 52)

cation blanks to serious-minded investigators who are prepared to have the academic section filled out by the registrars of their colleges, the physical examination questions answered by their physicians, and everything else from date of birth to state of heart truthfully inserted in their own handwritings. Not more than a quarter of these would-be nurses can be accepted, but the rest will be diverted to that form of war work for which they seem best qualified. As for the fortunate five hundred, they will be enrolled for the three-months' Preliminary Summer Course, from June twenty-fourth to September thirteenth, which will be a season of intensive cultivation possible only with the specially fertilized soil of graduate minds, and under the guidance of officers, faculty, and advisory committee of exceptional brilliance, led by Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, the patriotic and efficient president of the College. The faculty list includes Florence Sabin, M.D., Sc.D., Professor of Histology, Johns Hopkins University; C. E. A. Winslow, M.S., M.A., Professor of Public Health, Yale School of Medicine; William H. Park, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Bacteriology and Hygiene, New York University, and Director of the Bureau of Laboratories New York City Health Department; Otto Folin, Ph.D., Sc.D., Professor of Biological Chemistry, Harvard Medical School—and so on down through a galaxy of medical and nursing stars possessing an aggregate collection of all the ornamental letters of the alphabet.

"It must be distinctly understood that this is no easy 'get-nursing-quick' scheme for the woman who is afraid of work," says the Official Announcement, rather unnecessarily, one would think, in view of the revelations of the preceding paragraph. "There will be much hard, serious effort, and triflers are not desired."

TRIFLERS NEED NOT APPLY

We are not surprised to learn that there will be a six to eight-hour day in class, demonstration room, and laboratory for the study of anatomy and physiology, chemistry, bacteriology, hygiene and sanitation, nutrition and cookery, elementary materia medica, elementary nursing and hospital economics, historical and social aspects of nursing, with elective courses in psychology, social economics, and possibly physiological chemistry. There will be wards arranged in the corridors; there will be canteen cooking classes in the big kitchens; there will be solemn inoculation of white mice in the laboratories; there will be clinics at the Vassar Brothers' Hospital, at the big Tuberculosis Camp near Poughkeepsie, and at the Hudson River State Hospital to which shell-shocked patients are being removed from all over the country so that the Red Cross Plattsburghers may study them.

But eight hours of lectures, an hour or so of clinics, and two or three hours of study won't round out the day-light-saving clock for the eager five hundred. The walks and drives, the lakes, the tennis courts, the outdoor theatre with its motion picture machine—all these and many other things will be at the disposal of the recruits when in temporary—oh, so temporary—rest billets. The undergradu-

ates of Vassar, too, will be present in large numbers to minister to their big sisters of the cap and chart. A hundred and fifty of them are expected to don overalls and cultivate the Vassar farm. They will also run motors to and from clinics, and will gather in for the canning plant all fruits and vegetables contributed by the patriotic in and around Poughkeepsie. More than that, they have moved out of their cherished residences so that the visitors may have the very best—not only Strong, Raymond, Lathrop, and Davison Halls as turned over by their original donors, but as furnished by their last year's inhabitants, down to the last rug and the loveliest picture. Could the heart of worshipping girlhood do more?

When September thirteenth comes, there will be a short vacation, and then the pupil-nurses will go each to her chosen hospital, to pit her little knowledge, her great faith, against the grinding horrors of things as they oughtn't to be in a big city. She will learn much from her instructors, much from girls who have never seen the inside of a college, most of all from her patients. And so it will go for two years.

"What? Two years?" says little Miss France-in-a-hurry, who is a temperamental pillow-smotherer. "Do you mean to say I won't get to the front for two—whole—years?"

"Possibly not then. Possibly not ever." Vastly disgruntled, not at all realizing that she has weighed herself and been found wanting, little Miss France-in-a-hurry goes elsewhere, seeking not service but excitement. Her place fills however,—there are half a dozen who want it—and the line goes on. Most of them will sooner or later treat disabled soldiers here at home. If not, they will go out to save some of the fifteen thousand American mothers who annually die in childbirth—mothers who needn't have died if there had been competent help at hand. And babies, too, for, according to English statistics, seven babies die at home for every soldier who "goes West" on the field. Vassar wants to make it at least as safe to be a baby facing the summer, as it is to be a soldier facing the Hun.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE

"There are twenty-one Vassar girls now at the Front," Mrs. Blodgett tells us. "Three of them have been decorated by the French Government. There were twenty-two, but Amabel Roberts died at her post in a French hospital, the first American girl to give up her life for the Allies. She belonged to the class of '13, and in memory of her the class has raised four scholarships of three hundred and fifty dollars each, so that four girls who couldn't otherwise take the full course of two years and three months will be able to give their services to their country."

The cost of the three months at the Camp is ninety-five dollars, and many such scholarships have been given by women, themselves past their first youth, who are eager to serve by proxy. They realize that, in these hectic days of untrained workers and unripe enthusiasms, the girl who is willing to enter on a long, hard, unromantic course of study and humble helpfulness, is the patriotic older women's best investment.



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"Top o' the Hill" was the contribution of David Robinson to the Exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists



A

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T

(Continued from page 61)

of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors was held during April at 6 West Fifty-seventh Street. It was a quiet low-toned exhibition, well hung and with an unusual amount of space and with excellent light. This year three prizes were awarded. The National Arts Club Prize, given by John G. Agar for the best work of art in the exhibition, was given to Helen McClain for a very able portrait entitled "Portrait of N. R. M." It was a solidly painted, well modelled, and individual portrait, not keenly interpretive, but good in colour and composition. The National Association Medal for landscape was awarded to Katherine Patton for "Echo Lake, White Mountains," a confused composition in which she painted interesting tree reflections and an atmospheric distance. In sculpture, "Femme à sa Toilette" won the National Association Medal for Sculpture for Jane Poupelet.

In the portrait and figure group Cecelia Beaux showed a suggestively sketched canvas, "Portrait of E. S. L." in which the grey of the canvas served as a background. The head above was painted in against a dull golden-toned neutral, and the only colour suggestion was that of the vermillion settee and black gown which completed the composition. A fresh out-of-door portrait was the "Mother and

Child," by Martha Walter, while "A Rainy Day" by Josephine M. Lewis, was a well-handled example of child portraiture. A live (though a little over-finished) combination of figure and still life was that by Marion Powers, "Important Business," in which she handled the transparent and shimmering glass convincingly and delicately. A composition in which figures played the part of colour notes rather than individuals was the decorative broad and atmospheric landscape and figure, "The Picnic," by Lydia Floret. A clear fresh blue of water seen through the trees was "The River," by Marion P. Waitt, and two canvases by Harriette Bowdoin were the grey and misty "The Wet Day," and the brighter toned, "The Autumn Day." An interesting exhibition of paintings by Elizabeth Curtis was shown at the Arlington Galleries. In it the monotony of a portrait exhibition was broken by small street scenes and an interior of the "Navy Club House." Her portraits, particularly those of women, were painted with an interpretive quality which she has successfully combined with the decorative note of the setting, as in "Venetian Costume" and "The Old Red Gown." On the whole, her success lies chiefly in her portraits of women with their decorative possibilities of colour and costume.



Peter A. Juley

"Vespers" by Felicia Waldo Howell was shown at the Exhibition of National Society of Women Painters and Sculptors

If I Were a Movie Manager

(Continued from page 59)



dows are so intricately draped, and I would do my best completely to blot all art calendars out of my life.

In drawing-room scenes, I would strive without ceasing to keep the heroine's tresses from being blown by the obviously out-door wind coming in through the roof of the studio. There must be some way of doing this—I know it hasn't been discovered as yet, but surely some one will be able to figure it out some day.

WHEN the scenes are laid, as they so often are, in the offices of captains of tremendous industries and affairs, I don't think I'd go in very strongly for massive, leather-upholstered chairs. I know that there is a tradition that the offices of big business men must be simply thronged with large chairs upholstered in leather, like those in the lobbies of the hotels dedicated to traveling men, but I don't seem to remember them in any regular offices. Would you mind just glancing hastily around your office and seeing if there are any concealed about it?

Also, in these same offices, I would try to impress upon the gifted actresses who enact the trying rôles of stenographers, that, on almost every brand of typewriter, it is possible to use more than two keys. I would do my utmost to place a ban on the little scenes where clerks, stenographers, salesmen, and comedy relief office boys all gather around their employer's door, jostling each other in their attempts to get within listening distance of the keyhole, and, when the door is suddenly opened, falling heavily in a sitting position. I feel, sometimes, that I could manage to struggle along if I never witnessed that episode again; but, every time I attend the movies, there it is in some form or another. It is to the movies what ladies with pasts are to the spoken drama.

EVER after these things were cleaned up, there would still be work for me. I am one of those who must be forever messing around trying to leave things better than I found them—it's congenital with me. Not even these movie reforms would be enough for me; I would have to keep on, doing a lot of other little things around the films. Once I've started, I must go on to the bitter end.

For instance, I would feel that something might be done about those highly instructive little divertissements so appropriately entitled, "News of the Week." If I ever got into the state where I felt I must produce things like that, I would firmly omit the inevitable flood scene. There is an element of sameness about flood scenes; I find it slightly enervating to gaze, week after week, upon the watery streets of some town in lower Arkansas—population two hundred and eighty-seven, at the last census—with the inhabitants traveling about by means of row boats. I cannot feel that there is a fresh flood every week. I confess to a slight sense of grievance, as if the flood of week before last were being put over on me as being strictly up-to-date stuff. Unveilings, too,

now so popular in the weekly panorama of events, I think I would irretrievably "can." The children of the public schools of towns in Indiana doing their ceaseless Morris dances in the city park, and the parade of floats incidental to the celebration of Elk Week in some place in southwestern Minnesota would never find their way into my films.

THERE are many other little things that would require my attention. The letters, for instance, that form part of every cinema drama! I would contrive somehow to have them written in a hand other than that of a six-year-old child, and I would strain every nerve to make them slightly more interesting. When I once got on the subject of movie literature, I would go right on through to the captions, with which every play must of necessity be so liberally interspersed. I would go to the talented writers of those captions and I would urge them, as a personal favor, not to go out of their way to split the infinitives. I would expect them, of course, to go right ahead and shatter them when it came naturally, but not to go to any great trouble to do it. Also, I would take a solemn oath that never would I have anything to do with those "Art" captions—the highly decorated affairs illustrated with pictures said to be symbolic of the scenes that are to follow. You know the inevitable decorations—the bags of gold, the hand wielding a sceptre, the broken heart, the two Easter lilies, and all the other well-known insignia of dramatic situations on the films.

There are countless other reforms that I would accomplish, but the thing would run into as many volumes as the Enc. Brit. There are a few points, however, that not even the cost of paper can prevent me from adding. I want my stand on them distinctly understood. I want to get them in writing, and have them witnessed if necessary.

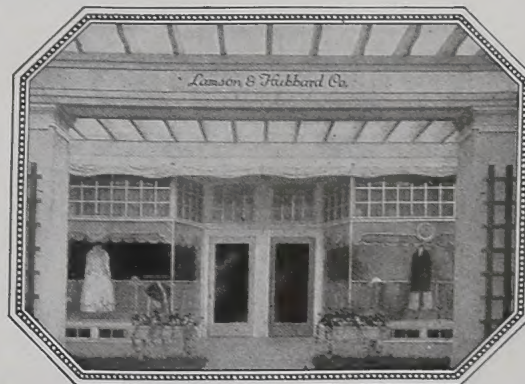
IN short, I want to make it clearly understood that, if I were a movie manager, I would never, under any conceivable circumstances, produce a picture that contained any of the following atrocities: A scene in which a mob chases a fleeing comedian; a close-up of the leading lady taken with any kitten, puppy, canary, horse, calf, goldfish, pigeon, deer, monkey, or any other fauna whatever; a close-up of the leading lady showing large, well-formed tears sliding smoothly down her cheeks; any close-up of any leading man; a fade-away of the leading man and the leading woman, with their backs to the camera and their arms around each others' waists, walking slowly away toward the glowing West; a "dual rôle," played by the star who takes the part of two people, one unbelievably noble and the other unspeakably wicked; a comedian whose humor only consists in his avoirdupois; a Western drama in which the town bad man is completely reformed by a little child; an early English coaching or hunting scene, taken at the inn at Forest Hills, Long Island, and, lastly, any picture of Mr. Francis X. Bushman.



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MAGNOLIA
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RED CROSS HOSPITALITY

(Continued from page 28)

other toys made by war cripples, make the place seem almost too good to be true, especially to a child who has been terribly frightened, half starved, and miserably abused by the Boches for about as long as he can remember.

The Château du Courbat is another important Red Cross centre just at this moment, not only because of its charm and the rich historical background of its situation in the Touraine, but also because it happens to stand on an exceptionally well-equipped farm of five hundred acres in this fertile section of France. It was a good farm, but the proprietor could not get enough help to keep it under cultivation during the war, so he loaned it rent-free to the American Red Cross, which is using it as a centre for agricultural re-education for crippled French soldiers. Here they will be taught not only to be useful and self-supporting, but to be both with the éclat that comes from acquaintance with the most modern and efficient methods.

BY THE RIVER CHER

The estate almost touches the banks of the River Cher, and the crippled farmer-pupil who drives a Ford truck to the railroad can raise his eyes idly to the Castle of Chenonceaux which spans the channel with its towers and drawbridges that have survived so many years. Chenonceaux and its neighbour Amboise hold memories of Mary Queen of Scots, Francis II, Catherine de Medici, and many other romantic figures of French history.

What was the gamekeeper's lodge when the Château du Courbat needed a gamekeeper, is now a home and school for a little group of blind French soldiers who are to be instructed by the American Red Cross in the care of poultry. A fine anticlimax! And yet there couldn't be anything much finer or more wonderful than the work which is done to give these poilus who have lost a leg, or both legs, or arms, or sight, a real opportunity to recover the independent position in life they sacrificed for their *patrie*.

It is a kindly fate, but an unromantic one, that has turned the Château Hachette, once the Château du Plessis and the seat of the ancient Norman family of De la Haye, into a tuberculosis sanatorium for the women and children of Paris. The American Red Cross is the latest of a distinguished line of lords of the manor. While the family of De la Haye held the château, the old building, which can not be definitely dated and parts of which have frequently been restored, sheltered the patroness of that family, Queen Isabel of Bavaria. That was in 1416. Before the century was out, Henri VI, "King of France and England," seized it and gave it to his friend, Sir William D'Angueil. Later there was a convent on the estate. A D'Artagnan held it in the eighteenth century. When the Germans came, in 1879, a Bavarian brigade followed in the footsteps of their fifteenth-century queen and occupied the village. In 1854 the estates had been bought by Louis Hachette, founder of the great publishing house of the Boulevard St. Germain; it was his descendants who sold the estate to the Department of the Seine, which planned to create a garden city there to draw workmen from the city. When the war killed that project, the authorities offered the property during the war to the British Friends, and finally turned it over, rent-free, to the American Red Cross.

Now there are fifty-five beds in the château itself, used by women and children of refugee families from the more crowded quarters of Paris. The château has been renamed the Edward Trudeau Sanatorium, after the distinguished American specialist. Another building on the spacious grounds serves as a preventorium, where children of tuberculous patients are housed; the children may play in most of the one hundred and sixty-seven acres surrounding this building, and they are kept isolated from the disease. The capacity of the château is insufficient for the demands upon it; work has begun on an old orangerie where a new ward can be opened if the need continues to be so great.

CAMP-FIRES IN THE SNOW

(Continued from page 72)

of a particularly big crevasse, and found all the lakes we had seen in the Rockies reproduced in counterpart colour at the bottom of that deep narrow ice canyon.

MOOSE STEAK AND MEMORIES

If it hadn't been so particularly cold, perched at the end of all those square miles of ice, we might have refused to go on, but the temperature persuaded us to leave for Twin Falls, two huge roaring curtains of spray, their feet hidden in perpetual mist that the sunshine turns into rainbow dust. Near the bottom of the Falls, there is a little cabin with two bunks, several blankets, a stove, cooking utensils, and a few non-spoilable supplies. This is a bit of Yoho Valley thoughtfulness for the traveler who may be caught out after nightfall, as sometimes happens when one thinks he knows the mountains and sets off without a guide. The base of Twin Falls is the last leg in the trail to the heights. We sputtered our way through the mist of their meeting and kept on through thick timber and across rock slides till we reached a strange plateau where glacial lakes, green meadows, and white snow-banks crowded together in incongruous and fascinating proximity. The trail hugs the edge

of the divide and we rode along between this contents page of all the mountains set on its snow-frilled shelf. And we didn't linger. Henry had promised us a moose steak with chestnut sauce—hush, of course it was August. And moose and August don't go together according to the game laws of British Columbia—but—well—in short—certainly.

Returning to Field the next day, we made the trip over Burgess Pass. As we reached the top of the first immense grade and looked back, the whole of the valley was spread out before us, far off as childhood, but with the same strange clarity of outline in every smallest detail. We spent the whole of yesterday following that thread of a stream that lies like tinsel in its green bed of Christmas tree. Our horses wandered half an hour across the boulder field that looks like a brown finger print. That thin blown thistle-down is Takkakaw—twelve hundred feet of roaring waterfall.

Think of the millions of flowers in that valley. Think of the music of waters packed into it . . . and the whistles of marmots . . . think of the ashes of one human campfire, and the scar of tent pegs in the grass. . . .

The lid of immense blue distance has been laid over it. But we can see it now.



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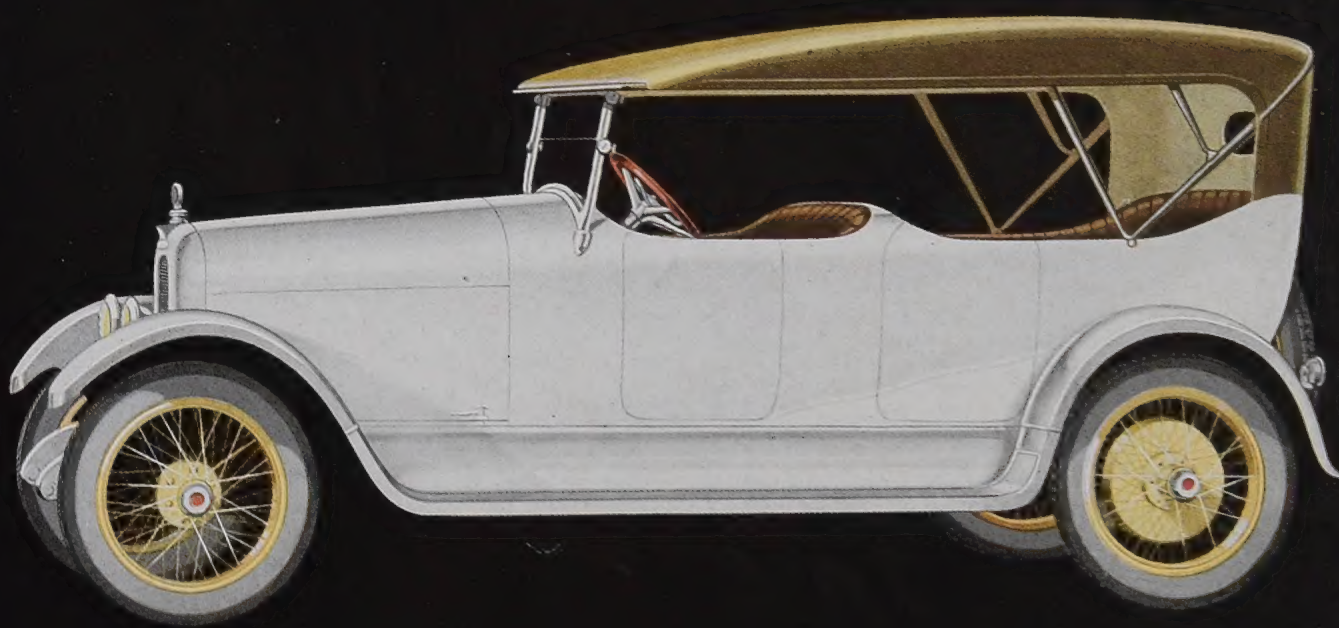
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